

DRUMMER

ISSUE 139 / \$5.95

Remembrance Of
SLEAZE
Past... And
Present
And Future
By Jack Fritscher

REXLAND
All New Art By Rex

THE CATACOMBS
A History By G. Rubin

USSM/ONE
A Flogging Odyssey

MR. DRUMMER
1990-91
The Search Begins...

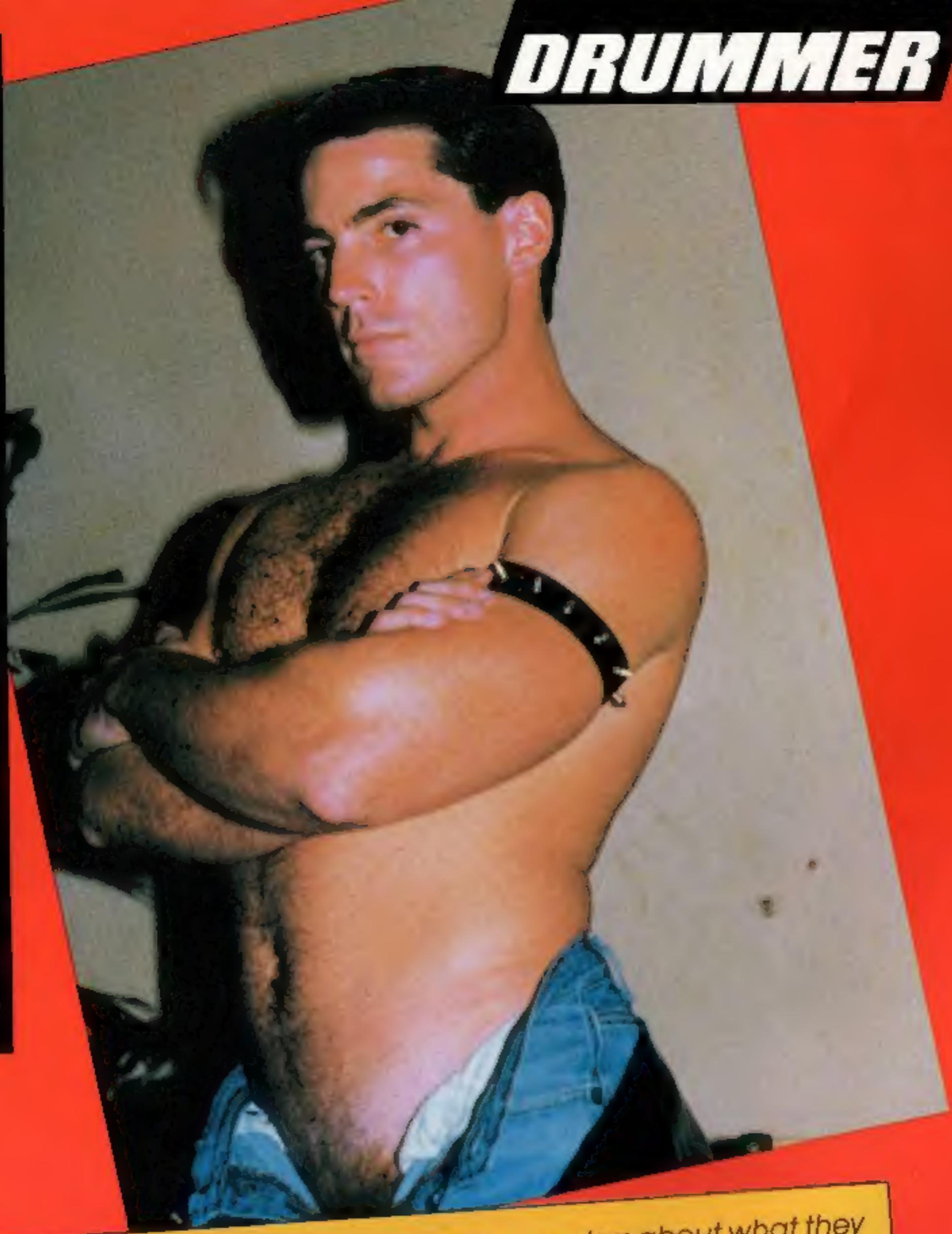
DANNY BECK
Mr. East Canada Drummer



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TOUGH CUSTOMERS

DRUMMER



You asked for it! When we surveyed our readers about what they like best in **Drummer**, the answer was a resounding almost-unanimous cheer for "Tough Customers," the pages where we print reader-supplied pictures of leathermen along with a few words about what it takes to make them happy, and usually a confidential box number, so other **Drummer** readers can contact them. So, we listened. And our answer is a special publication with over 150 pictures of Tough Customers and more than 350 recent personal ads. That means access to over 500 leathermen in one hot magazine. The TC book is scheduled to be on the stands about the same time this issue of **Drummer** gets there, around May 1. Don't miss it!

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away. —Henry David Thoreau

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OFF THE TOP

GREAT BIG GOBS OF GREASY GRIMY GOPHER GUTS!

By Fleidermaus

When Jack Fritscher suggested we do an issue on "Remembrance of Sleaze Past," I had the same trepidations I'd felt when planning the spirituality-themed issue (#136), but for obviously different reasons. First, there's the word itself: Sleaze. Like kinky, like pervert, like SM, it has a connotation of the bad, the disreputable, the objectionable, not only to "vanilla" society, but to many *Drummer* readers as well. But, like these other words, sleaze also has an allure, an attraction, even an obsession.

Then there was the word past. Both Fritscher and I have a strong interest in recording the history of our community and of the individuals within it. And the free-wheeling lifestyles of the 70s, together with the institutions that facilitated them, are definitely important to document.

As the ideas grew and developed, we planned much more than would fit into one issue of *Drummer*. The West Coast institution, the Catacombs, is covered in this issue. A similar piece on the East Coast variant, the Mineshaft, is in the works. And the American Heartland will not be left out, either. But, just as Fritscher's theme-setting article evolved into more than a look at the past, so did the rest of this

Just as "Safe Sex" became the watchword for the 80s, perhaps "Safe Sleaze" will join it as we celebrate

our diversity in the 90s. Sleaze, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. As with SM, I believe that an individual defines it primarily on the basis of his acceptance of the concept. Two men can equally love licking sweaty armpits. One considers it sleaze because he likes the concept of sleaze; the other does not consider it sleaze because he does not like the concept. To the second pit-licker, sleaze is what others do. Then, of course, there are those who enjoy pseudo-sleaze. That is not a put-down. It is possible to play with sleaze just as it is possible to play with slavery, interrogation, torture, and other aspects of (another of those words) kink.

And while we can simultaneously regret and fondly remember the days of uninhibited sex in all its flavors, we can also continue to enjoy those variations, in nearly the same range, as long as we keep our wits about us. □



Photo by Jim Moss

MALE CALL

NOMENCLATURE NO-NO

I have a gripe. Not just with *Drummer*, because the problem appears elsewhere, but (it) is liberally sprinkled through Fledermaus' and Guy Baldwin's writings. I object to the word "kinky" for a synonym or generic term for Leather/SM, and especially as it applies to me as a member of that community.

My dictionary defines the word (after the first meaning which is "curly") as "bizarre or perverse." Although I am certainly into all the great things *Drummer* covers in its pages, I do not think of myself as kinky or bizarre or perverse. The Leather/SM lifestyle is natural for many of us, and while it may be tempting for some to emphasize how weird we are, I don't think they are our friends or that that term improves our image or accurately describes who and what we really are. In particular I deplore its use by International Mr. Leather, who is supposed to represent us to the world.

Am I alone in resenting this snide insult or do other readers feel the same way? I for one would like to hear some other opinions.

B.W. / San Francisco

Try looking up the word "sadist" in your dictionary, or "masochist," "homosexual," "leather," "humiliation," "pervert," or . . . I don't think you will find yourself very happy with their definitions either. To the vast majority of the public what you do is "bizarre and/or perverse." There is no denying that, or changing it. The alternative is to remove the negative connotations from the word and be *proud* of it. That is why I use, and will continue to use, words like "pervert" and "kinky" proudly.

—AFD

If you must have a more PC term, B.W., may I suggest "differently sexual?"

PM

READERS RESPOND TO 136

Issue 136 is an absolute triumph! The exploration of leather spirituality, new age leather, Guy Baldwin's consistently terrific column, the spirituality of bondage — what a ballsy, courageous issue! Leave it to the leather people to be the pioneers, forging into new frontiers. Clearly, consciousness is the greatest frontier of all, and since the territory of consciousness is infinite, it can't be exhausted.

The 1990 Leather Events calendar — kudos. Maybe you guys need more earthquakes — it seems to have kicked you up to another level altogether! Now I'll subscribe (have been reading it forever) and include a little extra for earthquake relief.

Keep up the good work! The new format is terrific.
C.R. / New York, NY

Thank you for issue 136, because it openly admitted to the spiritual dimension of the LL/SM scene. As an "honorary" member of the Defenders, a Catholic SM group within Dignity, I have lived and



loved the special integration and intensity that comes only within the leather scene.

In a recent trip through the LA area I encountered an 18 hour high with a truly beautiful black brother. We celebrated Black History Month in a way that would have made the Reverend King's "I Have a Dream" speech a reality. All this took place after I had spent a week of spiritual renewal. This coming together of spirit and body, the inner and outer dimensions of pain and pleasure—actively and passively—kept a smile on my face and in my heart for days. And then to read issue 136, I acknowledged the elation with my mind.

I commend you for taking the risk of giving the most closeted dimension of gay reality an airing.

Proud to Embody the SM Spirit / Eureka, CA

I've been meaning to write in praise of your new regime at *Drummer* ever since you took over, but your issue 136 finally shook the inertia of my writer's block. The article on black leather faeries was an important breakthrough, which points at filling a spiritual void many of us have felt in at least the public expressions of the SM world. I hope you can have more in this vein. (Also, the picture of the sun dancer on p. 67 was one of the finest *Drummer* has printed. Let me know if you decide to sell posters of it!)

I'd also like to offer high praise for two stories in issue 134: Stevenson's "The New Boy" and Bean's "A Shadow Across Time." Each was splendid in its own way, and I hope you can coax more like them out of the writers.

GW / Cleveland, OH

I am overjoyed to read *Drummer* issue 136 celebrating the spiritual dimension of leatherfolk!

Nearly ten years ago I began exploring my leather interests and quickly discovered my true identity. My erotic endeavors involving exchange of power, connecting with my partner in magical and mystical ways, were kept quiet lest I be ridiculed for sharing them. Out of body experiences became mine for the asking, rivalling anything I enjoyed during my short experience with religion.

Leather/SM/fetish encourages — entices — us to explore ourselves, our dark sides and our sixth sense. It puts us in touch with our souls in a way traditional American culture cannot. *Drummer* challenges us to understand our subculture in ways we have refrained from. Thank you for bringing our spiritual dimensions out of the closet and onto the printed page.

J.L. / Piedmont, CA

A WORD IN DEFENSE OF WITOMSKI and A LAUGHABLY ARROGANT MISSIVE

There are two issues I want to address. After debating on whether to send two separate letters or to combine them into one, I decided on the latter. I do not feel that they are entirely unrelated, and it seems it would be simpler for you to publish one instead of two letters.

There have been several letters in Male Call over the past year, all of which have made claims concerning the business ethics of Mr. Witomski. To date I have seen no refutation of them, and as I have extensive personal experience with Mr. Witomski and Katsam Productions I feel I should be allowed to counter these claims in the same forum in which they have appeared. Please understand that I am making no claims with regard to other people's experiences, only my own.

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You can wear the Mr. Drummer banner proudly on this 100% cotton Hanes Beefy-T. Hand screened in gray and red on a top quality black shirt.

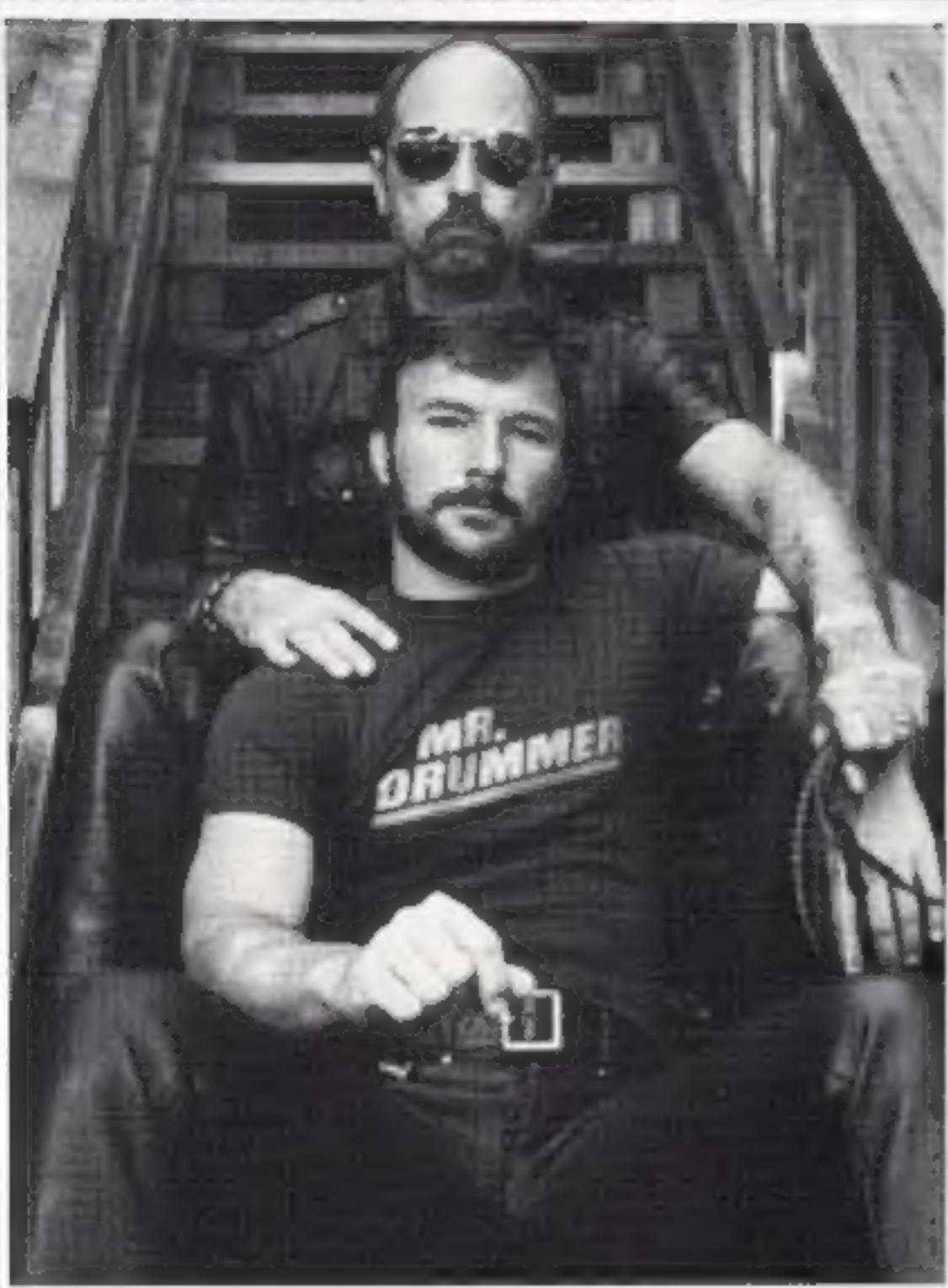


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I have been a frequent customer of Mr. Witomski's for several months, and have purchased approximately forty or fifty video tapes from him so far. I have found Mr. Witomski's service to be exemplary. I have yet to receive a faulty video from him (and they are second-hand tapes) or wait longer than ten days from the day I put my order in the mail box before my tapes arrive. There are no ridiculous policies concerning delivery time nor personal checks. His inventory changes rapidly, though when a tape I have ordered is no longer in stock, he sends a courteous note along with a list of current inventory instead of substituting it himself. It is for these reasons that I would rather do business with Mr. Witomski — second-hand or not — than I would with larger, more popular video retailers, particularly those which will not sell tapes in this state even though there is no law, either on the books or pending, prohibiting it. Contrary to other grumbling readers, I would highly recommend Mr. Witomski's business to anyone — and I have done so.

The second issue is the almost constant appearance of ludicrously stupid letters in Male Call, the most recent of which is the Stonewall +20 letter in issue #134. Are the letters from these pitiful creatures published for our entertainment? Do these very pathetic and grossly immature people write their laughably arrogant missives and send them in so that they can display what worthless excuses for animal life they are? Could anyone be so thoroughly childish and stupid as to believe that anyone past the age of ten would be impressed (positively) by their mindless braying?

Whatever the reasons for these abysmally insignificant brats' letters or their subsequent publication, my impatience with stupidity is not helped by spending all day in the classroom looking across the desk at brain-dead undergraduates. Though I find such base tripe as these geeks send to Male Call mildly entertaining from time to time, I more often find it irritating — very much as one finds a fly or gnat irritation. I would like to extend an invitation to RJ in Glendale (#134), unsigned in Houston (#132) and all the other failed abortions out there who so love to whine and parade their lousome and putrid minds for all to see.

You are amusing at best, though it is easy to see why one whose existence is as petty and worthless as yours feels a need to drown your agony with meaningless babbles. I offer hope. There is a cure for your, and the world's, misery and boredom, the most final cure known to the world. Please feel free to take it for a test run.

C.B. / Bloomington, IN

Yes, C.B., we publish laughably arrogant letters from pathetic and grossly immature people, and you have helped us prove it once again.

PM

The complaints regarding Mr. Witomski have not been directed at Katsam Productions *per se*, but at Stellar Enterprises, a video company that seems to have been set up solely for the purpose of a ripoff scam.

AFD

REMEMBRANCE OF SLEAZE PAST

. . . and present, and future

By Jack Fritscher



Our changing sexstyles have no more memory than the remembrance we give them. Raunch artist Rex is to drawing what Robert Mapplethorpe is to photography. Both epitomize the sleaze slice of the SM/leather pie. Both tour through sleaze. Mapplethorpe takes the Concorde. Rex takes the bus. Each, in his rich style, exemplifies the High Art of Sleazy Nights. The rest of us guys, when we were the way we were, wallowed in sleaze through bars, baths, truckstops, and Personal Classifieds.

NY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

Intense, hot, 34, 5-10, 152, 8 inches uncut. Hairy chest, shoulders, back, and butt. Looking for same/similar jock-sniffer into sleaze: sweat, buttholes, rank armpits, spit, snot, puke, licking, sniffing, moustache-chewing, nipple play and J/O, leather, WS, nasty talk. Prefer outdoor scenes with Mutualist Man who prefers natural smells, tastes, and textures of hot manflesh in leather & rubber. Sloppy kisses. Sick talk. Sweaty feet/socks. NYC. 212-555-SLEZ.

— Classified Personals Ad, 1978.

The Big Kick in becoming a grownup man

always has been putting an end to what we were all raised to be: the best little boys in the whole wide world. Shoot! Why shouldn't babies grow up to be "cowboys," leathermen, and fetishists performing High Wire acts center ring without nets? Why buy into "The Peter-Pan Syndrome" when you can become Flechy's outlaw Captain Hook?

"DON'T LOOK!" Daddy/Mommy said, censoring our boyhood vision, but you had to look. Absolutely! All the stuff that hardens our dicks as adult men is the very stuff our parents pointed out as trash (usually white, hot, and tattooed), or as dirty (body odors, filthy jeans, sweaty hair), or as dangerous (going home with strangers, riding motorcycles, inserting things that "hurt,") or as private (pissing, dumping, spitting, picking your teeth, and enemas).

Our own Ozzie and Harriets were appropriately for them, as straight Breeders, bourgeois. The discreet charm of their bourgeoisie was that they, ironically, were the ones to point out that the local drugstore had men's adventure mags with Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS, tying up handsome US servicemen on the

cover, right next to athletic little mags like Tomorrow's Man where muscular young White Trash posed for "artists" wearing no more than a codpiece drawn in with ink over their nakedness. Parents are doomed to point out to their little perverts the very things their little perverts are looking for. Are we just bio/logical expressions of their repression, or whu-a-a-t!

TOUGH GUYS: ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION

Like Pete Rose, a man can remain the All-American Boy only so long, unless you attend lots of gayboytoy theme parties, Lacoste-umed like Pat Boone. When you leave home, and hit the road, jack, on your own, your Family "DON'T-LOOKS" point the way down the Yellow Brick Detour to the lawless firm of Trash, Sleaze, and Raunch.

A male adventurer, coming from a DON'T-LOOK background tends to identify with those men pointed out to him, earlier in life, as The Aggressors: TOUGH GUYS. So your life changes, on the road. To survive, and to attract aggressors, because "like usually seeks like" the same way opposites attract (Huh?), you become

more like the lowlife you were warned about.

In fact, you become the man who terrified your Ozzie and your Harriet.

You are a baaaad boy!

Tough good ol' boys, bikers, and blue-collar bears are some of the many masculine variants that have become Cult Lifestyles to express manhood in the Leather culture of the USA. Rites of Passage are often problematic. Our American rituals proclaiming, right or wrong, a boy's manhood in this country are set in the collective national consciousness. Holden Caulfield knew that to be a man he had to have sex with a black whore. Other peculiar turns include driving fast, drinking, joining the military, smoking, drugs, and getting busted. One might wonder why a boy's innocence can only be lost through being "bad."

"Being Bad" says something about peer-pressure rebellion in a fundamentalist society. Statistics show that almost 70% of American males are arrested at least once in their lives. No wonder Republicans have made a growth industry out of new jails and prisons. Republicans don't like low-class sleaze, because sleaze tears down their white-bread bourgeois values.

So what can a sexual non-conformist do? First, he reacts. Then he acts. He takes his personal life with his individual rights into his hands and uses it to express his wild, uncivilized self, trying to get in touch with his animal nature stolen from him by those who want from him nothing more than slavish obedience to their narrow standards of behavior.

John Rechy was right. Homosexuals, no matter how politically visible, have always been, and probably always must be, sexual outlaws. The incredible lightness of being gay, by its very nature, makes our vision a parallax view. We've been taught the straight angle on life, and we get it. But our off-center sexuality also shows us an alternative, much like Blacks understand white culture that has been crammed down their throats and yet continue, from their parallax view of race, to sing the blues and demand their right to be themselves.

So we leave our little towns and all the crap we learned in high school. We cluster for strength in groups in cities. For the truly versatile adventurer, eager to experience all the DON'T-LOOKS and the DO'S and DON'T'S (like "Don't you ever let me catch you tying Tommy up again or I'll spank your butt!"), all roads lead to Rome, New York, San Francisco, LA, Berlin . . . Big Cities, where the Prodigal Son always goes, are the place where, when you go there, you get to become yourself.

I WANNA BE DIRTY!

Ozzie and Harriet had two other kids besides David and Ricky. These strange two were kept in the Nelsons' closet. Their names are Brad and Janet. Like Ricky, who got burned to death in an airplane on New Year's eve because somebody was allegedly free-basing while in flight, Brad and Janet made a media sensation. In the classic raunch film, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, when the All-American Brad and Janet finally bite Eden's unwashed apple, they find it deliciously dirty. Janet sings the ultimate

Aria of a Clean-Kleen who's just discovered that Vanilla Sex is boring and lacks the sleaze that pleases. She begs for lessons in Raunch!

"I was feelin' done in. Couldn't win. I'd only ever KISSED before. I thought there's no use getting into HEAVY PETTING. It only leads to trouble and . . . SEAT WETTING! Now all I want to know is how to go. I've TASTED BLOOD and I WANT MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE! I'll put up no resistance. I want to go the distance. Touche touche touche TOUCH ME! I WANNA BE DIRTY! THRILL ME! CHILL ME! FULFILL ME! CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!"

Even the Phantom of the Opera, the 90s' Ultimate Creature of the Night, seduces his lady with the romantic raunch of the dark, rebellious side of human nature that no civilization, even fascist/fundamentalist, can control: the Music of the Night!

Remember Marilyn Chambers? She was the squeaky-clean blonde model for Ivory Snow soap. She created a national scandal when, bored with her image, she got "dirty" starring in a dozen adult films and appearing, so nice-and-nasty, live in the Mitchell Brothers Theaters sex shows.

Because, some nights, gay bars are full of phoney Bradjanets, a Raunchman, cruising for some dirty dancing, can hardly handle vanilla conversation about opera when all he wants is to be sleazy, sniffing out male-body raunch. What the hay do Bradjanet know about bouquets of sweat; loejam; piss in its endless variety; spit; lugers, both white and green; snot; sweet earwax; shit; puke; or our very breath, often nasty smelling from sweet cigars—our bodies always fulsome with the masculine sensual by-products of our continuing life?

How's a guy supposed to express himself in a consumer-crazed society? There's no such thing as "No Sweat"! Our bodies keep producing juices. Our middle-class society denies those juices. Our raunchy heads say, "Stop and smell the . . ." We're talking a collision of commercial and individual societal values here.

Bradjanet's main task in life becomes Arid denial of what human excreta represent: that, in fact, as far as human nature (not the societal norm) is concerned: we're nothing if not bodies. Remember how nature intruded on society when somebody farted in church and everyone pretended not to notice?

Nature's value's are bodily values.

Societal values are Attitude values. Though they may aspire to the loftiest flights, they are doomed, literally and metaphorically, by bodily functions and needs, and are, in fact, impossible without sweat and sex. Lofty lifestyles need grounding in natural body functions.

After Episcopal Bishop John Spong ordained the gay man, Robert Williams, a priest, in December 1989, Williams put a spin on holiness and sexuality that surprised the bishop. As reported in *Newsweek*, February 12, 1990, when a priest asked Father Williams if "he thought Mother Teresa would be better off taking a lesbian lover, Williams testily replied: 'If you're asking me do I think Mother Teresa ought to get laid, my answer is yes.'"

Bradjanet, Quaylenbush, the Widow O, The

Donald and his onceupona Ivana all do The Body Thing. Birds do it. Bees do it. Even Rothschilds do it. John Berendt in "The Quiet Rich" reports the historic episode at the Rothschild bank in Paris in the 1830s when a servant, carrying the Baron's chamber pot down the corridor approached a stockbroker walking the opposite direction. What else? The stockbroker deferentially doffed his hat and bowed to the passing pot. (Don't complain. Read Freud.)

With mouthwash, flavored toothpaste, douches, deodorants, maxipads, and celebrity designer fragrances, American TV commercials make bucks off Raunchphobia, because, like Roseanne's earthiness, Raunch represents the nonconforming bodily functions that spell social rejection, decay, and death. Abbey Hoffman said, "The only thing TV tells us is that we stink."

Shit happens!

That's the best Zen bumper sticker ever written.

So get into what you can't get out of. Nature, like the demand for personal freedom, always brings down the polite, proud, and political to a human level no matter what their airy Attitude. Even at UC Berkeley, with all its "political correctness" in the 70s, Berkeley's gym and library toilets were Spas of Sleaze with Olympics-bound jocks and communist intellectuals.

When we talk about Raunch, verbally possible even within limitations after a decade of plague, we mean a sex-encounter with a normally healthy man's excrescences of animal essence. When a person dares to get raunchy, and express his defiant individuality, is he splitting in the face of his own mortality? Some say so. They say he's a risk-taker who's become part of the experiment of how viruses can be transmitted. Even so, and this is a matter of personal-social conscience, such a physical tossing down the gauntlet might be, for the individualist celebrant, the greatest of all cosmic adventures.

We honor astronauts and other dare-devils who function, with the greatest care for the least risk, and spit in the face of death.

If the 90s are anything, the 90s are *The Decade of Choice*. Informed choice. On every issue: abortion, AIDS, unsafe sex, flag burning, smoking, adult erotica, and everything else you can see "Tomorrow on Geraldo!"

One sure antidote to the commercial American culture that denies self to the self: sniffing armpits can slamdunk a man back to the center of his own human nature.

Maybe it's Zen and the Art of Sensual Maintenance.

Maybe it's a person has to do what a person has to do.

BIKER AGONISTES

An uncut tattooed dirty biker, muscled from labor and gym, probably while in prison, is the American folk symbol of the heroically free individual. (That's why unliberated Bradjanets fear and hate him. That's why Ron and Nancy

consult astrologers and read the entrails of small dead animals.) This guy—look in the mirror, if you're really a Tough Customer—rides wild. He rides free. He is off the norm. His raunch is the spoor of a manimal pitted against the body-function censorship of conformity. He just ain't nice.

The individual, after all, is the most oppressed minority in the world. Did you notice during the Republican 80s the emergence of Fundamentalist Gays, who like their Fundamentalist Religionist brothers, can quote chapter and verse how you as a leather individual are not, ugh, part of the "politically correct" community? Talk about Sex Police!

What in a black-leather biker is it that scares the hell out of conformists who conform because they suffer fear of freedom, fear of personal choice? Is it the hot stink of his fearlessness? What in a 90s Warrior-on-Two-Wheels, with Fat Bob between his legs, whets deeper appetites of men for men? Is it the hot raunch of his greasy crotch, open to the wind, saying, "Eat it!"

It's a free choice one makes between quality of life and quantity of life.

How may one explain the 1990 boxing craze sweeping yuppie Suits who go to sleazy Third-World gyms to punch and be punched mano-a-mano literally the way they throw corporate designer-punches in their careers up in glass towers?

Deepdown, Bradnjanet know, you know, everyone knows, they wanna be dirty! At least once in awhile. The California Mud Pillow Fight Championships are in their 28th year. People like what they need, and they go for it, until that "proper" streak of Vanilla rears up and tries to make a man, sometimes, feel guilty about being raunchy.

"We got nothin' to be guilty of," Barbra sang.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH VANILLA SEX

So what's it to Entrechat Vanillarinas if you are a depraved manhunter scouting rednecks, bikers, cops and cons for raunch, piss, spit, snot, and all the gross stuff that makes pre-teens wet their pants with summer-camp glee? Who can't remember the American folksong of children screaming: "Great big gobs of greasy, grimy gopher guts?" So what if you're a hot manimal smelling and licking funky bodies, sweaty underarms, feet, unwashed asshole, and a smotlock or two? So what if you're into greasy Levi's, cheesy uncut cocks, sweaty jocks, and eyeball-licking ala Mapplethorpe?

So what if you want a beergut motherfucker, smoking a big cigar in a toilet, to fuck your face with his horny, arrogant tool while he swats your shoulder with his rolled-up sex-magazine? (Would you rather be thumped by a Bible?)

So what? So far so good. Maybe you're trying to bite life. At least, you're not into the passive S and M of Stand and Model. Because life, risky now, was always risky, you've got sex with, maybe, existential, free-choice style, as long as you've got a hardon and the taste of raunch in your mouth. Perhaps risk is madness.



But life is full of the willing assumption of risk. "Without madness," Zorba said, "a man is nothing." Exercising the controlled madness of a man making informed free choice, you may can act out some of your inner drives if you're lucky enough to find the right guy.

The right guy at the right time is at the heart of your free choice, bubba. Of course, you shouldn't fall victim to the real temptation of old-style sleaze that is now best left to fantasy masturbation. In short, boys and girls, don't try any of this at home. Think about sleazy fluid-exchange as metaphor. Yeah. That's the ticket. Metaphor. Symbol. Talk your sleaze. Don't sack yourself before Salk saves us again.

Once a man has enough balance to realize the difference between being a Public Toilet and a First-Class Private Toilet, then he's got his head on straight enough to forego saying never to even the roughest raunch, and start saying hello to the feeding of his passionate appetites.

In the 80s, The Decade of Denial, we all assumed everybody cleaned up their act. That assumption, as anyone who talks to guys knows, does not confirm reality. There's a big difference between cleaning up one's act with regard to AIDS and figuring out what nasty boys can still do that is AIDS-safe, but still raunchy. We're talking human nature here. As a matter of fact, real fact, the Summer of 1989 in Germany was like the Summer of 1979 in San Francisco or New York: back rooms, scat clubs with monthly meetings. The Eurotrashiness made my heart ache for bygone nights at the Mineshaft and the Slot. It also wrenched my heart. Backroom sleaziness is Kamikazi Sex. Nostalgia is one thing. Self-defeating ignorance brings its own curse. When tempted while traveling, remember the song, "Poison Ivy." "You can look, but you better not touch . . . Late at night while you're sleepin', poison ivy comes a creepin' arou-ow-ow-ound!"

When you've gone from vanilla to chocolate sex, you can't go home again, but you can be

progressive sexuality by being creatively careful.

Can you go back to the future? No. Not even after you've admitted to a grown man's natural taste and need for nasty sex and a crash with a perfect stranger; for big uncut cheesy raunch-dick flashing through YMCA gloryholes; for settling your hot buns down in a greasy gas-station toilet, without putting down the "poncho" Sanitary-Paper on the seat still wet and warm from some backhoe operator who didn't lift the horse-shoe seat for his bow-legged piss; for licking out the juicy armpits of a young hitchhiker fresh out of bootcamp; for sniffing the feet of the semi-straight dirtbiker who lays back, flopping his sweaty cock up to your mouth for trade; for eating out the ass of a hot married salesman in the john of a motel bar; for trading spit with a trucker at an Interstate BUNKS/SHOWERS/EATS 18-Wheeler parking lot, late at night, with a fleet of a hundred rigs humming their low motors, and lower amber parking lights glowing through the wet shadows; for rimming your way through asshole; for harvesting dingleberries where they grow best, in that deep fullbutt crack, down around the hairy circle of ripe asshole; for digging tongue-n-teeth into sloppy mutual moustache sucking; for slapping the playful shit out of Good Sports who slap back.

On the Kerouac road, that's what happens during restless nights in one-night cheap hotels. It's a long time between showers. The number of dicks sucked and assholes rimmed puts more distance between you and your Family DON'T-LOOKS than the geographical miles. When your meat odometer reads over three or four thousand tricks turned, your mileage makes you far and away a different person than Bradnjanet who've only balled each other. If you told them about "somebody you knew" who had a few thousand sex encounters, they'd say, first, "That's impossible," and, second, "That guy's twisted."

At least about the "twisted" part they'd be right. Perversely punk, in these Just-Say-No

days, "twisted" has become a postmodern virtue.

"Gone are the days, my friend. We thought they'd never end." They have, and they haven't. We invented our subculture one way after Stonewall. We can creatively re-tool it after AIDS. We're nothing if not creative and clever.

Raunch, like sex itself, has sophisticated its style around the virus from outer space. Raunch is sometimes, but not always, and never necessarily, about, like, you know, real filth. Maybe for some guys, but not necessarily. Raunch may be more an "approach," more a state of mind, more a way of styling and presentation than a way of being, more a way of addressing other males with spoor. "Give him a hit of your 'pit and he'll follow you home."

Calvin Klein knows the smell of obsession. Who doesn't? Cecil Beaton, exiting at dawn, from a night in the open-to-tourists Moroccan army barracks, knew, and he went on to create the clothes for *My Fair Lady*. Raunch is the smell of barracks, prisons, gyms, toilets, backrooms, and beds that only men sleep in. Even scrubbed and washed up, the barracks and racks at Paris Island, smell, to the sophisticated 90s Warrior who's revived his primitive instincts, raunchy! When you tour any men's institution, say, San Quentin, you smell the smell of raw masculinity.

"I love the smell of jockstraps in the morning."

As individual humans share in the Over-Soul of the collective consciousness, manimals share in a male Over-Raunch bond that identifies us one to the other. Fundamentalists prefer to deny humans are animals descended from animals. Progressive people celebrate their animality. Straight bodybuilder Rod Koontz has tattooed on his right arm: *THE ANIMAL!* Rod wins physique contest, sometimes, it seems, because the judges get his ballsy message in an age when even women, like the recently late Ava Gardner, now psycho-speak about they themselves having balls. And why shouldn't they?

Leather women, as macho sluts, are often prime sleaze artisles.

One title-holding musclemen, who is publicly leather-identified, admitted recently that he never washes with soap. He's into clean-rinsed raunch. He refuses to soap off the power-workout gym-sweat pheromones that are his identifying spoor. Men find him attractive because of his build and face. More subtly, and this Mr. Leathermuscle knows it, they're attracted to the clean jock-raunch that is uniquely, distinctly as much his own as are his fingerprints.

With this Mr. Leatherwinner, as well as with all men, there's more to man-to-man sex than meets the eye. But you gotta snort it out!

PRIMITIVE MALE WARRIOR IN-STINKS

"My father was French. A soldier in Algeria where he married my mother," says one of the raunchiest men in San Francisco. "When he'd come in from hunting, pull off his muddy rubber boots, and walk around the room in his sweaty

wool socks, my mother always nagged him to go shower. Instead, he'd kick back, usually with an army buddy or two, light up a cigar, and trade hunting stories over whiskey. My mother would get angry and head for her territory: the kitchen. I headed straight to sit on the floor next to my father's feet near his boots."

(I swear to God, I'm just an investigative reporter with a nose for news. I do interviews. This is not fiction. Call me.)

Raunch is ancient, primitive sensuality. Raunch is not, originally, about lying in backroom pisstubs. Raunch is an instinct, and a ritual, of sweat lodges, of wet bodies wrapped in leather-fur animal hides, of uncircumcised foreskin smegma, all older than the First Ape Who Had The First Thought. Small tells an animal who is in his litter, who bonds with him. Raunch, sniffed out at the door of caves, told whether to admit the approaching stranger, or to kill him. (Just like the Old Days in a room at the baths.) A man's spoor, when he's in rutting heat, tells your very sophisticated "primitive" sensor if he is friend or foe, trick or troll.

British scientists in the 80s isolated the basic raunch pheromone of male sweat as sex-signal put out naturally by a man's body. This chemical substance, found in the sweat of human males, is so attractive that an "aftershave" is planned. Dr. George H. Dodd, chemist in charge of the 8-member research group at Warwick University, said the project has achieved especially promising results from several natural steroids derived from male secretions, especially alpha androstenol: male sweat. Dr. Dodd added that "the behavior of most animals is dominated by the sense of smell, but in humans, the effects of smell generally seem to be buried between the perceptions of vision and hearing." (Huh? Alpha androstenol? Armpit-sucking as a way to a championship physique? A little dab'll do ya.)

Backroom pisstubs, and, one might say, the entire Interior of That Mecca of Raunch, The Mineshaft, were, are, and in the Post-AIDS days that will come, will be, an attempt to get back, Jojo, to natural raunch pheromones in a society whose anti-aggressive norms have dictated soap, deodorant, and cologne as civilizing bridles to harness raunchy, sweating men in heat. Don't even ask what Liz, Cher, and Baryshnikov are doing shilling designer fragrances besides making money. "Bottled, but not contained!" Give us a bullshit break.

When you lick a faux leatherman's 'pit in a bar, and come up with a tongueful of aluminum-chlorhydrate, you run to wash his deodorant out of your mouth. Has he, swimming laps through cheap cologne, thought through what the manhunt is all about? The benighted wuss in his leatherdrag has bought in his head, and paid for out of his purse, the Calvinist TV-commercial norm that body excreta are "bad." He's not a natural man. He's a programmed, normal consumer of the products of middle-class values.

Capote said: "I'd rather be natural than normal." Aye, there's the bottomline of the rub. When even a "sissy" like Truman admits to preferring natural to normal, you begin to understand an honest truth about homo-

masculine manhunting. The upper classes have always preferred the lower classes sexually, because the white collar professional generally has a fatal attraction to the unwashed, blue-collar, working-class stiff who does not affect the fragrant attitude of more "civilized" society. When people want Rough Trade, they always sniff out a class lower than their own.

Does 10 Williams' archetypal sweaty manimal, Stanley Kowalski, who became *The Wild One* who created the whole leather/bike/sleaze image that has lasted from the 50s even until now, use Ban Roll-On to keep the Polish sweat-rings off his filthy workman's tanktop? If he did, in *Street Car Named Desire*, the women (who both are a-clef subtext gay men) would never have acted like cats on a hot tin roof.

Everybody reads "Raunch" for what it is: the aggressive smell of cunning gonads on the prowl.

RAUNCH-BAR CRUISING

To the sensual nose and tongue, sleaze is the medium used to cruise and separate the "normals" from the "naturals." The Sleaze Factor has always separated the men from the boys. Some guys, turned on by cigars which other men find sleazy, know they can walk into a crowded bar, and clear a comfortable space for themselves. "I smoke seagars for crowd control," one Sleazoid said. "I light up and the boys scurry away, giving me space that within a few minutes is filled again by guys attracted by the cigar."

The social history of the Sleaze subculture within the leather subculture is one of discrimination, which, when it is not a bad word, is a good word: as in "a discriminating adult."

Some fairy-dusted nights you can walk into a bar and know immediately it's not for you: the natural raunch quotient, masked by soap, cologne, smoke, old Crisco, or whatever, is too low for you to pick up on the excrescences of natural male bodies. This, among other reasons, is why bars so often are not cruising grounds. Instead, they have evolved into an endlessly social cocktail party ala the "normal" mode.

"Homosexual men," said a member of the original raunch Motorcycle Club, San Francisco's Rainbows, "find better matches, even for a night, no matter how light or heavy they are into the varieties of sleaze, if they can identify each other the way animals read each other, to sniff out if they're the same kind. Dogs do it. In the animal kingdom, like sniffs out like."

Nonraunch types have Attitude about sleaze, but that Rainbow made sensual sense. He exposes a revitalized animal way to read a man odoriferously before committing to a night's romp. A mutual 'Pit-Sniffing jerkoff scene can be as hot, and hotter, than a night of cocksucking. Not only can you this way check out matching raunch pheromones; you can widen your sexual repertoire and avoid mismatches.

Sometimes, right in the middle of a scene that has everything going for it something unclicks, and you both know it's not working. Could be you've both got everything except compatible

raunch pheromones. If, after you get past the sight and touch, you don't taste and smell right to each other, nothing but popper, that once-popular "insult to the lungs," is going to cover the fact that some guys are more Brut than brute.

If you're one of those men, either an Old Hand from the Golden Age, or a New Sleazebag lustng for some naturally nasty encounter, if you're one of those men who's always wanting MORE, and wondering what the fuck MORE there is these days: let your dick follow your nose.

What sleaze you can no longer actually do, you can satisfy by a Safe-Sleaze approach with a savvy partner or you can fantasize along with feathy pictures and videos.

Each of several graphic artists, superb in his own way, can satisfy a man's hunger for the sleaze no longer available to thinking animals. No one draws raw sleaze as well as Domino. No one draws leather-stud sleaze better than REX. The HUN skilfully dramatizes athletic and prison sleaze in his own unique style. Martin of Holland, whose outrageous content supports his discordant drawings, is pre-eminent scatoiogist. A. Jay, in his serious cartoon style, celebrates watersports, tisweat, and rubbers.

No-holds-barred sleaze, obviously, has evolved, because of the current crisis, to the delightful realm of art that maintains access to raunch that real life can no longer allow. The need for sleaze, which will not go away, can still be acquited, if not in physical fact, in fantasy.

Sleazy fantasy jerkoff will vent your overheated psyche and help keep you from physically doing what you know you shouldn't do. This is not the moralizing of a reformed Gloryhole K'Veen. This is based on Scandinavian studies that prove that erotica used at home decreases promiscuity and violence that would otherwise have been acted out in public. If sleaze is part of your psyche, be smart enough to enjoy it in the fantasy and safe guidelines of the times. Total repression of that part of one's personality could cause one to succumb to temptation to commit just one unsafe act one night when the will is weakened by lust, alcohol, or drugs.

What a sane man can no longer do, the way we remember sleaze could once be celebrated he can do with drawings, photos, and videos (eg. Christopher Ruge), or in a limited version with the known-quantity of a supportive, safety-conscious partner who mutually stays within safe bounds. Sex, after all, happens not in one's dick, but in one's head.

In the 90s, Sleaze is satisfied with raunchy talk pumped up with mutual jerkoff. Homosexuals are nothing if not clever. A man can be as sleazy in the 90s as in the 70s if he orchestrates his actions and sophisticates his rituals safely. Sleaze, after all, is a state of mind, as well as of body.

The remembrance of sleaze past is foundation for safe-sleaze present

TAKE THIS RAUNCH AND EAT IT!

Eating the excreta of another man's healthy



body is male ritual older than the Druids. Warriors traditionally ate the hearts and genitals of brave enemies. Christ told his men: "Eat my body and drink my blood." The male bonding ritual of feeding off another man's heroic body is older than recorded history, because psychologically some men need such acts and relations to be mystically complete. To lick and sniff the body, one's own, or a partner's, is to commune and meld one's self into another man's essence.

Only normal Bradjanets cringe like weak sisters at the idea of ritual cannibalism, or even actual cannibalism which 10 Williams used in 1957's *Suddenly Last Summer* to blow away audiences, who should not have been upset, if they'd ever thought through the natural logic of their Christian communion service.

Where, if ever, do you draw the line between the sacred and the psychotic? Anybody can commit the greatest treason: to do the right thing for the wrong reason. The self-actualizing man of the 90s should be able to discriminate and thus fulfill his psychological, natural need with perhaps more fantasy than actuality. SM, before all, is about self-discipline. Sleaze, like SM, has developed its own safe standards of mutual, consensual principles of behavior.

So, if late at night, you have the need to feed, the need to Sleaze Out, you are simply hearing the most ancient gods' seductive siren call. Men have a hunger for a man to lead them and feed them, whether it's with loaves and fishes, or the bloody sweat from a hairy pit stretched out in crucifixion, or saliva spit into the crack of a juicy asshole dripping cum. Gods, on the whole, hardly ever make "normal" requests. That's what makes them gods.

Our task, somewhat like *Mission Impossible*, is to evolve and sophisticate our sensual leather-leath response and ritual to our primal need to get nasty. The need doesn't go away simply because plague stalks the land. The challenge, in the face of bad odds, is to figure out a way to have your sleaze and eat it too. Safety. You are responsible for taking care of

yourself and your partner. Get creative. Transcend the once-possible literal for more metaphorical verbal dirty dancing

UNMITIGATED BULLSHIT

On the other hand, fuck the philosophy. Strip up anything you want if it feels good. This is the Decade of Choice. Of informed choice. Maybe all the above is just unmilitated bullshit crapped out by the rational part of the animal, which man is, to understand and justify why, clear or dirty, sexually liberated men aren't afraid to invent new ways to celebrate being nasty boys.

90s' Raunch is a new ball game, a new performance art, celebrating what's left in a society where the former US Surgeon General Koop, who singlehandedly prescribed safe approaches to sex in all its varieties, commissioned his own official photograph from Robert Mapplethorpe, who was the raunchiest man ever to shoot with a Hasselblad

The cautious 90s Raunch Manimal, sniffing the nightwind, when he catches the pheromone spoor of another wild man, feels the twitch in his dick, the salivation of his tongue, the click in his head, and he knows, somewhere out there, in the nightrider's hunting ground, another manimal, his kindred kind, calls him. fully aware of staying this side of risk, to a night of sensual pleasure, that will, hopefully sooner than we expect, signify that again, soon, humans will be able to restore total physical access to one another.

One diehard, filled with dysfunctional rage because he cannot do what he wishes, said "Without fluid exchange how can sex be sleazy?"

Through cleverness and caring, lad!
Be patient or you'll be a patient

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Jack Fritscher's 1990 novel, *Some Dance to Remember*, a New Narrative epic of the 1970s sex scene in San Francisco, has just been published by Knights Press and is available in bookstores and from DESMODUS, INC. Some Dance to Remember, 562 pages, \$11 + \$3 P&H.

THE CENTER OF THE MAZE

by David May



ILLUSTRATION:
R.A.W.

An erotic short story in three parts

Gene was in his last year of college, and still naive in some ways. He was clean-shaven, almost handsome. Some men thought he was pretty, but he wasn't — at least not anymore — just goodlooking in a fair-haired, boyish sort of way.

Aaron was more than handsome: dark haired, bearded, with powerful shoulders and a lean torso, and hairy all over. He was wearing worn jeans, black boots and no shirt when Gene saw him at Mona's Gorilla Lounge.

"A regular Neanderthal," a friend whispered in Gene's ear. Gene pushed his friend aside and approached Aaron, who had matched his stare from the beginning

"Wanna dance?" asked Gene.

"I'd rather make you dance."

"Pardon?"

"Let's go," said Aaron. He grabbed a black leather jacket from a bar stool and walked out the door without a second glance.

Gene followed

When he got outside, Aaron was already on the bike. It had gotten chilly, and Gene needed the jacket he'd left in his car.

"Get on."

Gene obeyed wordlessly. The bike started and Gene clung to Aaron's body for warmth.

They headed not into town, as Gene expected, but away from it and up into the Santa Cruz mountains. The air grew warmer as they drove away from the ocean and Gene stopped shivering. They stopped at a house secluded by redwoods.

"The place belongs to a friend. I live in the City."

"Oh"

"What's your name, boy?"

Gene wasn't sure he liked being called "boy." "Gene. What's yours?"

"You can call me 'Sir'"

Gene laughed nervously.

Aaron opened the door and with a firm hand on Gene's butt, led him into the house

When he was bent over Aaron's lap and spanked with a gloved hand, Gene didn't resist. His heart raced and his cock hardened. He resisted the impulse to think about where he was and what was happening. If he thought about it, he knew, he would panic. Instead of thinking, he closed his eyes and breathed a deep, whispered "Thank you."

Aaron gave orders and Gene obeyed. Aaron bound Gene and beat him, tor-

mented him in ways Gene had never imagined. In a few hours, overwhelmed with sensation, Gene was no longer able to respond to Aaron's ministrations. His body numb, his mind foggy, he felt only gratitude for what had been given him. "Thank you, Sir," he moaned again and again. "Thank you, thank you . . ."

So Aaron fucked him.

Gene was jolted, if not into reality, then from where he'd been. He threw his ass upward to meet Aaron's cock as it pushed its way into his body. Aaron slammed himself against Gene's ass, and a contest of wills began: Each man sought to force the other to shoot first. To the winner went the power.

Aaron won.

Gene pushed his ass up against Aaron's cock as it sawed him in two. He screamed like a man dying. His hole clenched hard around Aaron's cock as Gene's own cock bounced into the air and shot, each spurt arching through the air like a rocket.

He screamed again as Aaron's final, insistent thrusts pounded the tender prostate. Then Aaron screamed, his body and face tightening into a single knot of pain. Gene felt Aaron's cock pulse inside him, felt the force of Aaron's orgasm as it shot against the walls of his guts.

It was good that Aaron had won the contest. If not, Aaron would not have consented to see Gene again. And Gene would have felt he held Aaron in his hand, and continued to be the pushy bottom he'd been becoming before he'd suddenly found himself Mastered.

Every day for the next two weeks, Gene went to the cabin in the redwoods. He had passed from pleasure/pain to pain/pleasure in a single night. Now he had only to explore the varieties of pain he might find pleasure in.

A week later, Gene was led, naked except for boots and wrist restraints, into the forest. Aaron told him to stand, feet wide apart, in a clearing between two trees. Each ankle was secured to the nearest trunk. His wrists were also secured so that he was made to stand spread-eagled in empty space. Aaron attached clamps to Gene's nipples, kissed him gently in the space between the shoulders and walked away. Gene heard the crunch of Aaron's footsteps on the forest floor, disappearing.

Gene was excited at first. Then he felt nervous, abandoned. Finally he was terrified at being left alone and so vulnerable for so long. He pulled at his restraints. His breathing was hard and heavy. he

hyperventilated and slumped forward against his restraints, blacking out momentarily.

As he came to, Gene was aware of the tit clamps again. His cock was hard. He stood up straight, flexing as much of his body as he could. He found that if he flexed his shoulder and chest muscles, the chain attaching the two clamps together danced against his skin, tightening the clamps. He threw back his head and called out like a man having a vision. He flexed his whole body against the shackles, fucking the air with his hard dick

He came.

His cum shot across the forest floor for several feet. His face twisted into a snarl that forced his eyes shut with each spurt of his juices. He screamed ecstasy to the canopy of trees on the last shot of spunk. He felt his soul had been pulled through his cock and that he was left only with this now-depleted body, an empty shell.

He was lightheaded bordering on euphoric, for some time. Then he felt something spreading in waves over his back and buttocks: something like water only firmer, like fire only softer. He recognized the feel of the whip's stinglike caress.

He moaned softly to himself.

"Oh, yes," he murmured. "Yes, yes. Thank you . . ."

The strength of the blows increased, forcing small, sharp cries from Gene. He closed his eyes and was at one with the rhythm of the whip, even at peace with it. He felt himself fall, felt the wind about him and heard the steady beat of the whip as it cracked against his skin.

(His feet were no longer on solid ground and he wondered where he was, surrounded by darkness. He looked ahead of him with his eyes closed and saw he was in a maze, saw that he needed to turn one way or the other. He followed his intuition and turned left, then right, then left again.) The whip snapped along his back with greater urgency. (Gene increased his speed as he made his way through the maze, turning one way, then the other. Gene screamed, ran, turned a final time to what he was sure would be the center of the maze—)

Aaron was holding him in his great hairy arms, kissing, spanking him, caressing him. He heard Aaron speak soothingly to him, speak with pride, assurance and (Gene hoped) love. Gene felt himself being released from his bonds, felt his stiff limbs being massaged, felt himself being carried off over Aaron's shoulder.

Gene felt uncertain, felt that something

was still expected of him. He was groggy and wanted to sleep for a very long time.

Aaron laid him down somewhere, lifted one leg over each shoulder, and fucked Gene's ass long and hard. Gene felt himself come around now; being fucked giving him the needed focus. He felt the huge cock rearrange his guts, push him inside out. He yelled out his joy again as the dickhead swelled and filled his hole with hot, sticky cream, then shot all over himself, like he had among the trees, without touching himself.

Aaron kissed him again. Gene felt the man's beard against his face, felt the man's sweat pour down on him. Gene raised his head to lick the sweat off Aaron's body.

"You made it."

"I'm sorry?"

"You got there. To the other side of pain."

"I guess."

Gene tried to get out of bed and fell back on the mattress, unable to move.

"Take it easy," said Aaron, handing Gene a mug of something hot. Gene accepted it with both hands.

"Thanks. Do I look as bad as I feel?"

Aaron caressed his cheek. "You look fine. Your backside's a mess, that's all. We even drew blood."

"Oh."

"You'll feel better once you start moving around, but you'll be sore for a while. And you'll remember it for more than a few days."

"Thank you — Sir!"

Aaron kissed Gene softly on the lips.

"But I feel like I missed something. Like I didn't get there at all."

Aaron nodded. "You went as far as you can go and still come back."

Gene shook his head, not quite agreeing.

Aaron's stay in the house was over.

This did not surprise Gene. He had already reconciled himself to this eventuality. What he was uncertain of was his status in Aaron's life. Would Aaron allow Gene to follow him later?

"May I come and be your slave in the City?" asked Gene.

"Not right away. This is still new to you. You need to learn more about yourself, first. In five years, if you still want to be my slave, I'll be your Master."

Gene was still too young to see five years as anything less than an eternity. Aaron might as well have said five thousand. "Why so long?"

"Then you'll be as old as I am now. It seems a good age to me."

"But what if you find another slave before then?"

"What if you find another Master?"

There was a pause. Gene turned and looked at the wells and reddened flesh still healing across his back. He felt a rush of pride in the marks, then a kind of disappointment.

"I make no promises," Gene said. "But if I decide to be another man's slave, I'll let you know."

Aaron nodded.

"How will I find you?"

"It won't be hard. Now why don't you be a good boy and bend over so I can fuck you 'till you bleed, one last time?"

Gene was glad to obey.

When Aaron left, Gene was several days into a beard. He decided to let it grow. It was his first beard. He saw another self emerging as the beard took shape.



When Gene arrived in San Francisco he learned he had the kind of look that was currently popular. With his new beard, he was suddenly handsome even hot.

He came into a modest trust fund. He wasn't rich, but neither did he have to work very hard to live well. He took odd jobs, jobs that were short-term but interesting. His financial freedom allowed him to spend his nights exploring the maze of streets South of Market. Months could pass without Gene seeing a morning sky.

Sometimes he traveled.

Sometimes he saw Aaron.

The first few months in the city he lived in the Castro. Being naive, Gene assumed any man in leather would be willing and able to give him what Aaron had. After several disappointments (the last one of which he told off, saying, "You don't have the right to wear leather!") Gene decided that he belonged on Folsom Street.

He found a small flat on Rausch Street. It had been empty for months and was cluttered with the remnants of the last tenant. Cleaning out the attic and closets of his new home he found odds and ends of black leather — including belts, boots, straps, unmatched gloves and a well-worn motorcycle jacket.

"A guy named Karl lived there," said Jim, Gene's new neighbor. "He spent less and less time at home, then he disappeared without saying anything."

"What do you think happened?"

"There were rumors. But there always are, so why listen?"

Gene nodded, not quite agreeing.

"Does the jacket fit you?"

"No. It's too big."

"Then sell it!"

"I think I'll keep it," said Gene. "He



might come back."

Gene made friends in his new neighborhood. First he met Jim, who lived a few doors away from him. Through Jim he met Alan, whose Master was a cop. The youngest member of the group was Willy, whom Gene had met walking along Folsom Street after three o'clock one morning. They were a society of friends, tight knit and watchful for each other. They met at the Eagle before the eleven o'clock crush, talked about the men they met, their jobs and roommates. Gene said little, confiding only in Jim, his closest friend and occasional fuck-buddy.

Saying little, Gene was a good listener and heard details of each man's life that no one else heard. He heard tales others would disbelieve and accepted them without judgment.

"It wasn't an accident," said Jim one rainy afternoon in Gene's apartment. "It happened because you wanted it to happen. Isn't that what you'd tell me?"

Gene handed Jim a mug of coffee. A neighbor's cat had come in out of the rain and lay sleeping on the radiator. Jim eyed the cat wearily.

Gene had told Jim about Aaron and the maze. Now he felt relieved and tired, like a Catholic after confession.

"I wondered what your story was," added Jim. "I was sure you had one."

Gene smiled, sipped his coffee. "I saw him last night on Dore Alley."

"Did he see you?"

"Yeah. He nodded. I went over to say hello. Instead I just licked his leather jacket."

"What happened?" Jim was excited by the story.

"He held me for a while, kissed me and sent me on my way."

"Did he say anything?"

"No. At least not with words."

Jim made a noise somewhere between a sigh and a snort that said he wasn't satisfied by the answer.

"Well, what did he say without words?"

"That he loved me."

They sat without speaking for a while.

"How much longer?"

"It's only been a year. Four more."

Jim sighed again. "I wouldn't do it," he said. "Life's too short to wait for love. Or for a Master, for that matter. Masters are men like us. And men like us change, Gene."

Gene nodded.

"This man waits, but not alone. Are you up to the Slot tonight? I already reserved a room for us."

Alan's Master kicked Alan out
Alan spent hours on the phone with



Gene, while he hid himself away in a new apartment. After half a year, Alan reappeared on Folsom Street for a few months. He was aloof, though, almost unfriendly towards Gene and the others — especially Willy, who had taken Alan's place as Officer Jackson's slave. Strangely, it was Willy who kept insisting he'd seen Alan around the neighborhood at night when no one else had.

Then Alan disappeared altogether, leaving his apartment and belongings unclaimed. There were rumors, of course.

Jim dismissed it. Gene felt a chill run through him whenever he thought about it.

A year later, Gene was alone at the Cauldron. He was leaning against a wall, naked except for his chaps and boots, watching two men fucking with a shared fury, slamming against each other, shooting off sparks of dissipating rage.

"Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!" bellowed the topman with each slam into his partner's butt.

"Motherfucker!" screamed the bottom. "Motherfucking bastard!"

Gene watched the scene, his face expressionless while his heart raced with excitement. His cock got larger, filled with blood; but he didn't touch himself, not wanting to cum yet.

He felt a hand on his cock and turned to see who it was. If he was hot, then Gene might let him continue. Gene liked what he saw: a curly haired man-boy whose chin just reached Gene's shoulder.

The man-boy was dark, clean shaven, though the shadow of stubble was apparent even in the dim light of the Cauldron. His chest and torso were covered with soft, curly hair that grew like some furry vegetation out of his undone jeans. His bright, blue eyes asked the question, "May I?"

even as his full lips reached up towards Gene's

"I'm going to fuck that pretty mouth," Gene thought as their lips met. The next instant Gene's arms were around the man-boy, holding him close to Gene's body, holding him still as Gene's tongue fucked the man-boy's mouth. The man-boy returned Gene's embrace, succumbed to the assault without resistance, responded in kind.

The kiss lasted forever.

(Gene closed his eyes. He was back in the maze.)

The man-boy's mouth broke from Gene's and attached itself to Gene's armpits. Keeping his eyes closed, Gene wrapped an arm around the man-boy's head as the sweat pouring from Gene's body was lapped up from the twin hairy pools. After a time there, the man-boy's attention wandered to Gene's nipples, which were chewed and sucked.

(Gene made soft, low moans that echoed into the maze. Keeping his eyes shut, Gene not so much saw, as sensed, light not far from where he was. He moved toward it.)

He was kissing the man-boy again, penetrating the strange, soft throat with his tongue.

(Further, Gene thought. Further. I can get there in time.)

The man-boy licked the sweat from Gene's face and beard. Gene pushed him down to his knees where Gene's hard cock found the wet warmth of the stranger's mouth. Gene lost himself in the maze of delight as the man-boy's throat pulled and sucked at the stiff meat sliding between the two perfect lips.

(Gene no longer ran through the maze. He flew. His urgency increased with the pace of their sex.)

Gene's crotch slammed against the man-boy's face as he fucked "that pretty mouth." He felt two hands pull on his tits, increasing the urgency he felt inside of him, the urge to shoot (the urge to reach the center of the maze).

Gene's mouth hung open, panting like an excited animal. A third mouth joined his in a long, deliberate kiss.

(Gene was almost there, he could see the light —)

With the kiss, Gene cried out, pulled the man-boy's head tightly to his groin and shot his load down the man-boy's gagging throat.

He had come too soon. He was back in the Cauldron, a crowd gathered around him.

"Shit," said one man.

"Hot fucker," said another.

"I wanna fuck that pretty face next," said a third.

Gene broke away from the kiss that had held him as he came. He opened his eyes. He'd been kissing Jim.

"All right!" said Jim.

The man-boy continued to suck on Gene's softening dick, licking up the last few drops oozing from the piss slit. Gene slowly pulled out of the stranger's mouth and lifted the man-boy back to his feet. They embraced, kissed deeply, if tenderly this time.

"He came on your leathers," said Jim.

"He can lick it up later."

Gene and the man-boy kissed a long deep kiss again. This time Gene tasted traces of his own salty cum.

"What's your name, cocksucker?"

"Erin, Sir."

Gene shook his head, not quite believing his ears.

"Hey, buddy, let me have a taste," said Jim, waving his hard-on in a gloved hand.

Gene nodded vaguely at Erin, who dropped to his knees and sucked Jim dry while he and Gene kissed.

"Fucking fantastic," said Jim a few minutes later as he tucked his dick back into his pants. "Say, pal, let me have a crack at his other hole after you've had it."

Jim kissed Gene with a smack on the butt.

"I'll call you tomorrow."

Gene nodded, his attention now fully focused on the precious man-boy standing before him, looking up into his face expectantly.

"Sir?"

Gene brought Erin home that night, tied him to the bed and whipped him soundly with the length of an English riding crop. The whipping was methodical, lacking sensuality or warmth. He whipped until he drew blood.

When Gene stood back to admire what

he'd done to Erin's smooth flesh, he noticed that Erin was whimpering from the pain, wanting/needling comfort. Gene ignored him. Instead, Gene poured hot wax on the worst lacerations, stuffing Erin's mouth with a dirty sock to muffle the screaming. Finished and satisfied with his handiwork, Gene fucked/raped the man-boy's ass without bothering to lubricate cock or hole. Erin's muffled screams continued.

Gene's orgasm was fierce, shaking his entire body and covering them both with sweat. He lay on top of Erin for more than an hour, thinking. Finally, he got up and untied the shaking, frightened Erin, held him close, kissed him tenderly as he stroked the man-boy's cock to an impressive climax.

"You hurt me."

"You wanted me to hurt you."

"Yes, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Not like that."

"Like what?"

"So cruel."

"Love is cruel. And I love you very much."

They became lovers, almost to the exclusion of all other partners or friends. Erin moved in, went to work every day, and handed his paycheck to Gene every other Friday. Gene put a chain dog collar on Erin's neck and refused to remove it, even when Erin went to work.

Only Jim ever visited the flat. Every few days he came by to fuck Erin, or lay back and be serviced by that pair of perfect lips.

Erin and Gene lived for each other, for the power of their kisses, for the physical torment and cruel sex that Gene insisted they continue. He tried to explain to Erin about the maze, about finding its center. Erin understood only the concept. He didn't understand how his scarred body aided Gene in his quest, or even why it was so important.

In the end, Gene went too far, sending Erin over the edge into unconsciousness. Badly frightened, Erin moved out the next day without a word.

Gene found Erin a week later.

"Don't touch me!"

"I won't. I just came to say I'm sorry. Here's the money from your paychecks. I don't need it and you do. I should never have done what I did. I never found the maze again while I was with you, not since that first night at the Cauldron. I thought I would because I love you."

Erin took the money without looking at it. "I loved you, too."

Gene handed Erin the key to the collar still secured around his neck.

"You left," Gene said. "It's up to you to release yourself."

III. FOUND / A CONCLUSION

Kink chic is a thing of the past," Jim was saying. "The clones have hung their leathers out at garage sales and retreated back to their ghetto."

"And left us to ourselves," added Gene.

It was late on a rainy Sunday night. Out of boredom, they'd decided to get drunk. Jim barely finished two beers, and Gene had drunk even less. This didn't matter, though, since the fun was in the intention to get drunk rather than in actually carrying it out.

Jim was the only one left, along with Gene, from their original quartet of friends. Their friendship increased in intensity over the years, in spite of quarrels and jealousies.

Erin stayed with Jim for a while, but Jim never offered to share him with Gene as they normally shared their lovers, slaves, and (occasionally) Masters. Gene for his part was always solicitous of Erin, but never suggested they have sex again.

"Things have changed so much," Jim continued, waxing on as he did when he was with Gene. "Half the guys have shaved off their beards."

"What's become of the world?" laughed Gene. "Where are the standards of yesterday?"

They laughed together, even in their shared sadness. Their world had changed radically overnight, and they mourned for it as much older men might mourn for their youth. Bars and clubs closed. Folsom's character changed, at least superficially: straight clubs opened, along with trendy restaurants, condominiums and mainstream businesses. That they would eventually be forced out of their homes, their community fragmented by urban renewal, was inevitable.

"Five years ago the only people who'd look out of place at Hamburger Mary's were the het slumming from the fem bars on Union Street," Jim complained. "Now it's full of them. Fucking yups."

Gene nodded his agreement, feeling the same anger as his friend.

Occasionally, late at night, when the one

or two surviving leather bars had closed, Gene would walk along the streets and alleys he knew so well, and still feel something like he used to feel, a dark, warm intimacy that was at once cold and comforting, like the fog. But it was also like seeing an old friend again, and Gene would open his arms to embrace it, only to find the moment, and the feeling, gone.

There was less action now, but with a few adaptations, Gene and Jim (who professed a secret and long standing condom fetish) continued to live as they had before.

"Just as well we're losing Folsom, though," Jim said with some finality. "The whole neighborhood's built on swamp, you know. They didn't fill it in right, and the buildings are sinking. Like yours. Ever notice how low the first basement step is? Let the breeders have it!"

"The question is, Jimbo, whether or not we're going to go down with it."

This was supposed to have been a joke to cheer Jim up. It had the opposite effect.

"Hell," said Jim. "Let's sink with it"

"Sure," Gene said. "We'll be another lost civilization"

Gene bottomed less and less. He was so experienced in the art of being a slave that he found few men worthy of the gift of his submission. Filling the void, he spent more and more of this time being dominant. He took special care in molding new slaves and novices, taking them step by step to the entrance of the maze. Those who were unsure of themselves became frightened and ran. Those who had at last found their life's destiny, entered the maze without hesitation: these men Gene came to cherish, even love, as men cherish their children.

He realized the obvious about the maze: it was entered by letting go. He had tried to force the experience before, so only experienced it when he was caught off guard. Now he stayed in the maze for longer periods of time, hoping that by delaying the final twist of the journey, he'd at last see the center.

Without mentioning it, he brought other men to the maze through pain and pleasure, escorting them in, then letting them run wild in its shadows. But as he showed men this new and, to Gene, sacred place, he also observed that he alone wanted to see the center.

"The center?" he'd ask. "Don't you want to see the center of the maze?"

"See the center?" men would respond. "How? There's no light in the maze to see it. Only darkness. It's as if the shadows have shadows."

"The dark doesn't scare you?"

"No. It feels safe, familiar — like Folsom Street after the bars close, but long before dawn."

Gene thought he understood.

Jim suggested they go to the leather dance after the Folsom Street Fair.

"When was the last time you danced in your leathers?"

"I don't remember the date, but I know I was with you. It was a Black Party, I think. Sylvester sang. We separated after two o'clock and you disappeared for a few weeks."

Jim smiled, remembering.

"It will be fun," said Gene.

"Maybe it will be like the old days . . ."

"Right, Jimbo. We'll do drugs, snort poppers and fuck strangers."

"That's not what I meant, Gene. I was talking about the music."

"Sure, Jimbo. Maybe they'll play the old stuff."

Gene went to the dance wearing a pair of leather shorts he'd bought in Amsterdam, the boots he'd gotten in London on the same trip, and fingerless gloves. Jim wore chaps with leather jock and uniform boots. Both were shirtless, wearing only arm bands over their biceps.

Jim had a new tattoo — an eagle landing over his left pec, the talons closing on Jim's pierced nipple — that he'd been showing off all day at the Street Fair. Gene envied Jim's courage in decorating his body as he chose. Gene was waiting for Aaron to decide how his body would be adorned.

They stayed together for a time, dancing, talking, watching sweaty men dance in clusters or pairs. Jim saw Enn stumbling drunk across the dance floor. A hot man, wasted, Jim thought.

They stood together, but not together, each waiting for the other's signal to part company. A young man, neatly muscled and smooth skinned, wearing only dungarees and sneakers, paused to glance at Jim. Jim looked back and decided the man was too young, hardly more than a boy and easily dismissed despite a shaggy-haired charm. But then the boy reached out to caress Jim's new tattoo. Jim grabbed the boy's hand, pulled him close, hoping the suddenness of his action would scare the boy off. Instead, the boy licked the sweat from Jim's body, starting with the tattoo, finding his way to Jim's leather jock, and finally his boots. He might have been too young to normally appeal to Jim, too smooth and precious, but the kid had style. Jim rearranged his crotch beneath the leather to keep his hard cock safe within its confines until he got the kid home.

Jim looked around and saw that Gene had already disappeared.

Just as the boy had approached Jim, Gene had seen Aaron standing in a shadowed corner on the edge of the dance floor. Now Gene was standing before the man, offering himself. He knelt, crawled on his stomach and kissed Aaron's boots.

Men on the dance floor stopped to watch.

Gene was licking Aaron's boots now, making his way up to his Master's knees.

"You're mine," Aaron shouted above the music.

"Yes, Master," Gene yelled in response. "Always."

"You shithead," Jim said a few days later over the phone. "You and your Daddy upstaged me and my boy!"

"And I wasn't even trying."

"Bastard."

"So who's the k.d.?"

"Name's Tim. From the River, he says. Before that from some hellhole near Tahoe. Used to hustle. Think I should put him on the streets for me?"

"Is that all he's good for? Can't he cook?"

"Don't know. Makes a handy footstool. In fact, that's what he's doing now."

"Talk about bastards."

"I try. So how about you? You're Aaron's now, right? You moving in with him?"

"Soon. Right now I'm putting things in order. Then we're going to Europe. He says he wants to lead me on a leash down the streets of Amsterdam."

"Sounds romantic."

"Won't be the first time."

"Slut."

"I try, Jimbo, I try."

Being a slave, or at least Aaron's slave was harder than Gene had anticipated. Not because Gene failed or refused to be submissive, but because they were so obviously equals — intellectually, spiritually and financially. While Aaron was a professional who could have easily supported them both, for instance, Gene neither desired nor needed that support and continued to work whenever he felt the need.

Since it was only in physical size and strength that Aaron was clearly Gene's superior, Gene's status as submissive was established and maintained by symbols that held more power for both Master and slave than chains or shackles: Gene always called Aaron "Master" or "Sir," even in public, and refrained from sitting on the furniture without permission when Aaron was present, Gene's right ear lobe and both nipples were pierced in a public ritual at the Cell; Aaron locked a dog's choke collar around Gene's neck and stored the key in a safe deposit box. More important to both of them, though, Aaron made certain that always healing somewhere on Gene's body was a welt or bruise inflicted by Aaron's own hand to remind Gene of his slavehood.

Gene had kept a journal since his first encounters with Aaron. Now he spent

hours reading and re-reading it, searching for clues to the maze. He spent even more time writing in the journal, recalling again and again the events that led him to where he was, and speculated on what he would find when, and if, he found the center of the maze. In some ways he feared it.

Aaron wanted to know more about the maze, listened carefully to the words Gene used to describe the experience, and soon he was in the maze with Gene, and like Gene, looking for its center.

Their intimacy increased. Gene saw his friends only while Aaron worked or was out of town. And each night they spent together they made the journey. Gene was bound, gagged, chained, beaten, and tortured until his balls exploded cum across the room, and each time they both felt closer to the center.

Before leaving for Europe, Aaron was away on business and Gene spent an evening with Jim and Jim's new boy. Keeping his slave collar on, as he did at all times, Gene fucked Timmy-boy (as Jim called him) repeatedly.

"You're less than a slave," Gene told him, "being fucked by another slave."

Jim laughed. "Tell him, Gene buddy! Tell the dog what he is!"

When Gene felt himself ready to cum up Tim's butthole, he slapped the boy's asscheeks as hard as he could. The hole tightened around his shooting cock. Gene screamed and emptied his balls into the rubber.

When he pulled out a moment later, Gene tied the used condom into a knot and tossed it to Tim.

"Something to remember me by."

When they were done using him, Timmy-boy was sent to another room while his Master and Gene talked, as they always did, about everything and nothing. Mostly they laughed.

"I notice you let the cats on the furniture, but not the boy," observed Gene.

"Cats can't be owned and ordered about. Only dogs. Dogs are born to be ruled, and Tim's a dog, he does what he's told. That much he understands."

They laughed long and hard.

"I'll miss you, Gene. How long will you be gone?"

"A couple months. I'll write. I'll bring you something back from Europe. They've got some nasty leathers in Holland that you'll love."

Jim sighed. "I'll miss you, babe," he said. "Be careful for me, okay? Timmy-boy and I will be here when you get back."

Gene had been to Europe before and thought he knew Amsterdam well: its bars, boy brothels and leather stores. But Aaron had other connections, knew where the black rooms were and how to access

them.

Gene was impressed. Impressed to be shackled by iron chains to an ancient stone wall. Impressed to be blindfolded and left to the care of strangers, strangers who whispered and spoke only in Dutch when they were in Gene's hearing. Impressed to have spent a night in continual sexual subservience to a pack of men who barked orders and laughed at his humiliation. Impressed to be given a sack of used condoms in the morning, symbolic reminders of his status as Fuckhole.

After that he'd been brought to the dungeon and allowed to sleep on a bare cot for what seemed too short a time. Gene hadn't seen Aaron since the night before. He imagined his Master fucking and whipping some Dutch boy, slamming the too-pale skin with all his dark fury. Gene's cock hardened, thinking about such a scene, and only hoped Aaron had saved some of that delicious rage for him.

A fire burned nearby in the narrow room and Gene felt its warmth flickering on his bare skin. He put his face to the stone wall and felt its coolness, smelled the city's pervading dampness. He pulled on the chains. Relieved at the hopelessness of escape, his cock stayed hard.

(He turned and saw that he was in the maze, a place where four paths met. He turned slowly in a circle and chose the path: there. That one. Where the darkness was the deepest, where the shadows had shadows . . .)

Gene felt the leathery touch of a gloved hand softly stroke the smoothness of his taut skin. He knew Aaron's touch at once.

"I bought a new whip."

"Thank you, Sir."

The whipping began.

(He turned and saw Aaron next to him. Together they found their way through the blackness, seeing the walls, doors and windows of the maze with their minds.)

Gene felt flowers of fire blossoming over his back, shoulders and buttocks — felt them turn to ice, then back to fire — over and over again, flowers that never stopped blooming.

He heard himself cry out.

(They held back this time, refusing to hurry. Almost touching, but never quite.)

Aaron's cock, engorged and fat with blood and cum, swung free, ready. Aaron felt the sweat drip from his body. He was exhausted. He was afraid to pause, though. They might lose their way. He concentrated on Gene's body as it writhed in its steel shackles; he watched it, heard its moans, then its screams.

Someone said something to Aaron. The voice was concerned. Aaron heard the question and raised the whip to strike Gene's battered body again as his only response.

(Gene's cock was hard. He felt it fuck

the air as they flew through space, felt the universe suck it with a warm, wet throat. "Yes," he said. "Show it to us, and we'll give it to you. But show us the Center first." He followed his cock as it soared across the sky, turned and saw Aaron beside him, flying on the power of his own enormous member, dripping sweetness.)

Aaron's hand never stopped beating Gene's body with methodical calm. His face was a blank, broken only by a small smile when he whipped Gene's hard dick.

(They were still together now, almost touching but not quite. Almost there but not quite.)

The last moment before orgasm is anguish. It lasts forever.

(They were there, in the darkness. They touched, joined. Both men screamed, feeling cum gush from their dicks, cum springing not just from their balls, but from their guts as well, from the center of the solar plexus. They were there together, joined for an eternity. They saw the center, at last. Together.)

(The light was blinding.)

First they heard their own breathing. Then each was able to separate the sound of his own breathing from the other's. Then they heard concerned voices speaking loudly, words Gene didn't understand.

Gene felt many hands lift him, carry him away, bathe him, caress him, put him to bed.

After he'd slept for most of a day, Gene lifted his head from the pillow just long enough to see Aaron nearby, staring into space, saying nothing. Curling himself into a ball, as an animal does to keep warm, Gene fell back to sleep until the next morning.

Gene came home alone.

Aaron went south to Crete.

'Amsterdam is best for leather clothes and toys. And SM porno. But London is better for boots and whips.'

"Is that where you got that one?" asked Jim, pointing to a whip that hung over the mantel like an icon.

"I think that's where Aaron got it," said Gene. "I wasn't with him then. I was only there for its inauguration."

There was a comfortable pause as Jim admired himself again in the leather uniform shirt Gene had brought him from Europe.

"Gene, where's Aaron?"

"He's staying in Europe for a while."

"You're not wearing your collar"

"No, I'm not. What about Timmy-boy?"

"Gone. Disappeared one day."

They returned to their comfortable silence. □

REX LAND

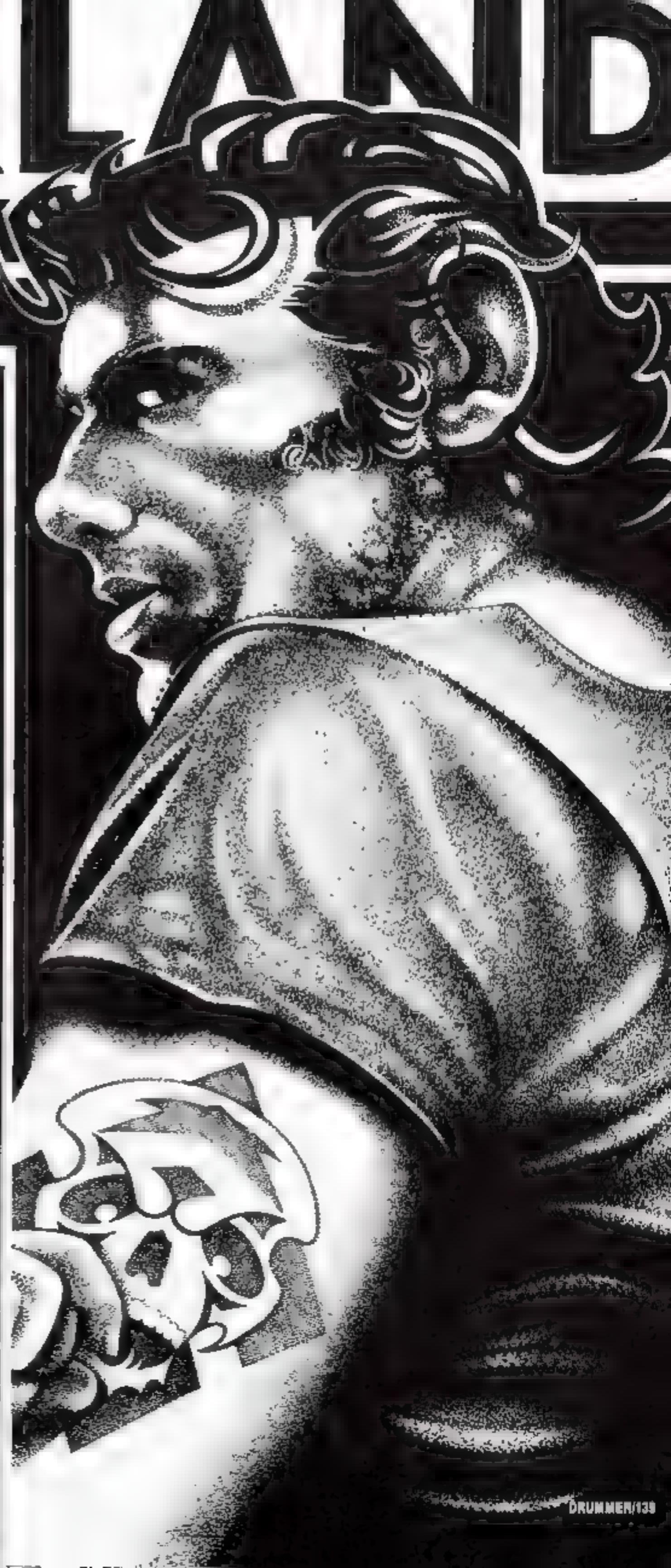


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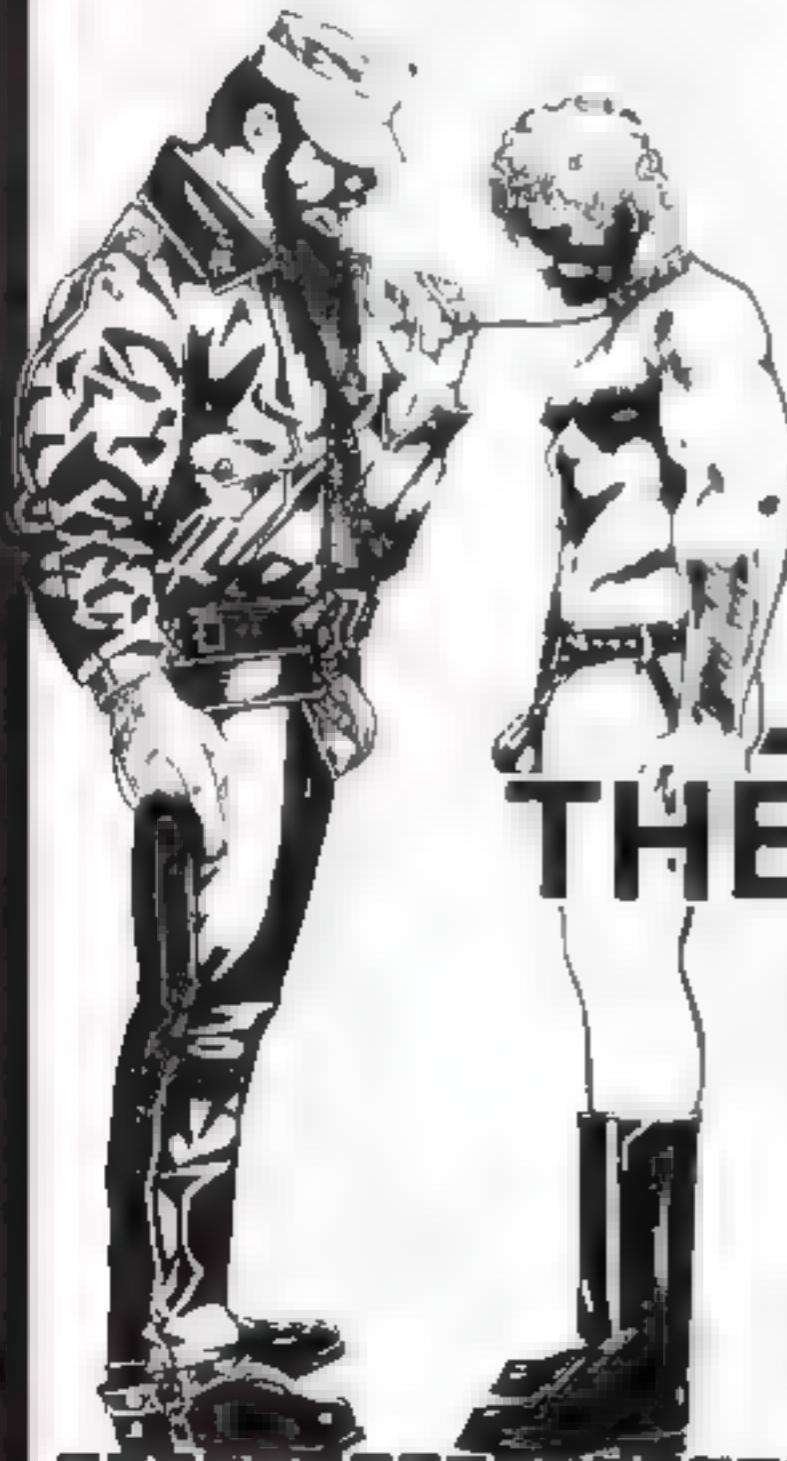
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ASSFUL OF MOLASSES

I stink.

Yea I fuckin stink like my own shit. Im a fuckin mess. Master made me ride home in the trunk so I wouldnt stink up his car. The trunks lined with big plastic garbage bags so garbage like me dont mess it up. Had to piss on the way home & I thought why the fuck not? Pissed my pants, & it felt good, warm wet flowin down my leg then coolin off. Im soppin wet anyway from the shit & molasses & milk—

It felt so fuckin good to let go standin there in the bar. Master standin behind me with his arms around me & his dick hard as a rock grindin into my butt. I was havin cramps, & his arms were around me & he was playin with my tits with his fingers & holdin me standin up so I couldnt double over which is what I was tryin to do. He was talkin in my ear, Master talk, tellin me what to do, tellin me to hold it in, hold it in, hold it till I couldnt hold it no more. The plug up my ass was hurtin. It wasnt too big, that wasnt why it was hurtin. It was hurtin cause I had a assful of molasses & milk churnin up my guts tryin to explode out my butthole. It was worse than the time he put bakin soda up there. & that buttplug it wasnt big enough to really stay put without my workin at it. I had to keep my butt clamped down or else it was gonna shoot outta my butt so hard itd probly rip thru my pants. Along with a fuckin shitty mess.

Master pumped my butt full of the stuff & then plugged it before we even went out to the bar & by the time we got there I was already hurtin. To start with it just felt like I needed to shit & that was okay till I started to cramp. Then I had to pay attention to keepin the buttplug in & pretty soon I was sweatin & shakin

He had me leanin up against the bar & like I said he was behind me with his arms around me talkin shit in my ears. I was so fuckin turned on I was humpin the bar just like Master was humpin my butt. There was a big crowd there & it seemed like everybody was watchin us gettin it on. We still had our clothes on & nobody knew I was burstin to shit

I was hurtin & hurtin & fightin it when finally I got what Master was sayin: "Hold it in baby, till you cant hold it in no more." So finally, humpin up against the bar, Master humpin my butt & grabbin my tits & everybody watchin I moaned & gave in & let the buttplug & the whole shitty mess pour out of my ass.

Felt like I was shittin the Atlantic Ocean. That stuff makes you shit nasty. Nasty. & it

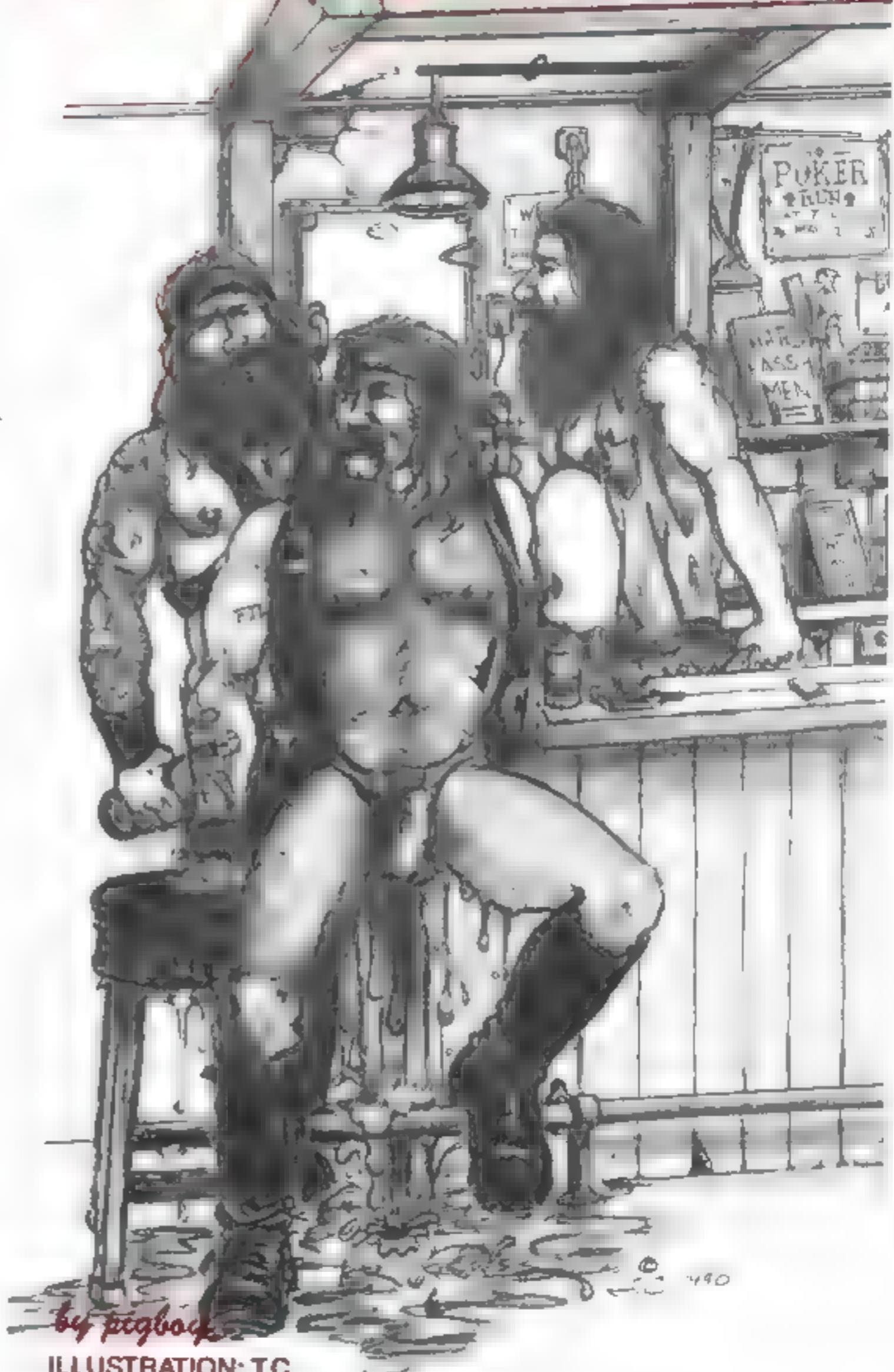


ILLUSTRATION: T.C.

soaked thru my fuckin jeans & all over Masters crotch & he just kept humpin my butt & spreadin it around, brown nasty stinkin wet stuff. & after I was through shittin & crampin & shakin & moanin he gave me a big hug with a smile on his face & got me all wet & shitty in front too. Looked like he was fuckin proud of me, like he was fuckin proud of my shit stainin his pants. It was like "I Love U" written all over him

Some guys clapped & hollered like it was a show or somethin & Master bowed

& gave me a good whack on the ass which means "Good job boy." Then he said it was time to go & he took me out to his car, ordered me to climb in the trunk & then handcuffed me.

I know some of what comes next. My shitty clothes come off he just shreds em with his knife, then he hoses me off on the driveway before he lets me in the house. Then what? I dont know. Thats why Im hard

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

In recent years I have gotten very skilled in performing exotic acts of masturbation, mostly because I'm afraid to seek outside sex partners. I particularly enjoy C&B bondage-torture, and often do a real job on my nuts. I use all kinds of leather stretchers, rope or rawhide, metal rings in graduated sizes, and just about anything else you might imagine. (In fact, if I haven't already thought of it and you mention some new device I'll probably try it.) I've developed a fairly large, blue-black spot on my scrotum from all of this, however, and I'm sure it happened because I ruptured some small blood vessels in the sac skin. I tried to poke it with a needle and drain out the blood, but it came right back. Is this something a doctor could repair in his office, or do you think they'd want me to go to a hospital to have it done? It's embarrassing enough to think of facing only one man, but I don't think I could face a whole nursing staff, to say nothing of the expense. I know it isn't a life-threatening situation, but it bothers me every time I see it, and when the time comes that I find a safe-sex partner, I don't want him to see it.

—L. J., New Orleans, LA

Dear L. J.,

Again I have to remind you that I'm not a doctor, and my medical advisor tells me that without seeing your nuts it would be hard to say exactly what you've done to yourself. I do have a friend who had the same thing happen to him, however—or at least what sounds like the same thing, and he did have it taken care of in a dermatologist's office. He also remarked, though, that the good doc called in his young, giggly female receptionist to help hand him things during the little surgical procedure, so that was also embarrassing.

Just think how much more humiliating it's been for people who have to race to the emergency room with "foreign objects" stuck up their asses, or wrapped around their dicks and/or balls that they couldn't remove on their own. It always pays to look on the bright side.

Dear Larry,

I just took a trip to England and Holland, and I was shocked to discover the prevalence of scat activities in Amsterdam. They actually have parties that attract several hundred guys, and they're all participating, because they won't let them in if they don't. In addition to the idea being absolutely repulsive, so I can't understand how so many men can be attracted to it, isn't it just about the most dangerous thing a guy can do? Were you aware of what's going on? If you were, why haven't you said anything about it?

Outraged NYC

Dear Outraged,

I have many friends all over the continent, and I receive most of the publications from Northern



Exotic masturbation?

Europe; so yes, I am aware that scat has become amazingly popular during the last few years. It's a phenomenon that I must confess I find difficult to understand, especially since it is very dangerous. Aside from the health implications, however, I haven't made many comments about it in print, because it happens to be someone else's "bag," and even if it's just a bag of shit in my view it is going to be perceived very differently by those involved. Knowing that my own sexual preferences (leather/SM/bondage) are surely repulsive to many outside my own clique, I try not to put down the practices of other people, simply because they don't turn me on. Frankly, many of the things my heterosexual neighbors are doing would be equally as abhorrent to me, but as long as they are willing to leave me alone I have no argument with them.

Dear Larry,

Back in *Drummer* issue 130, you advised a guy from Texas who was coming to Japan not to expect gay encounters here. Of course there is fear of AIDS so much as in the U.S., but we have not closed our door to foreigners. There are a few places for Westerners to enjoy. When you are in Tokyo, try a visit to the bar "G.B." in Shinjuku Nichome (phone: 352-8972). This is a bar for both Japanese and Westerners, and the best place

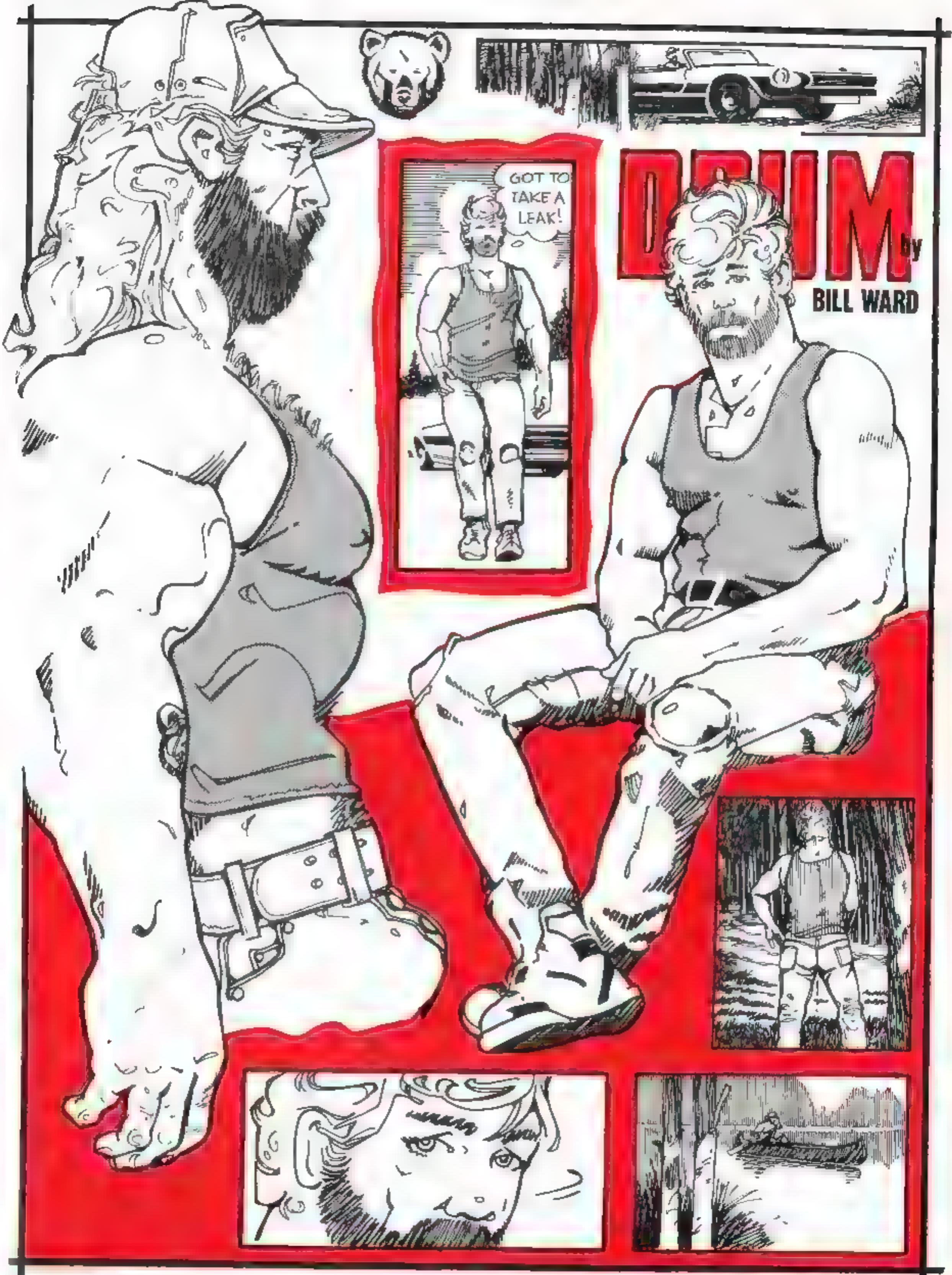
to start a night. Most people there can speak English and many Japanese like Westerners. Unfortunately, we do not have so-called leather bars, but we do welcome guys in leather. So come and enjoy your stay in Tokyo!

Toshi, Tokyo, Japan

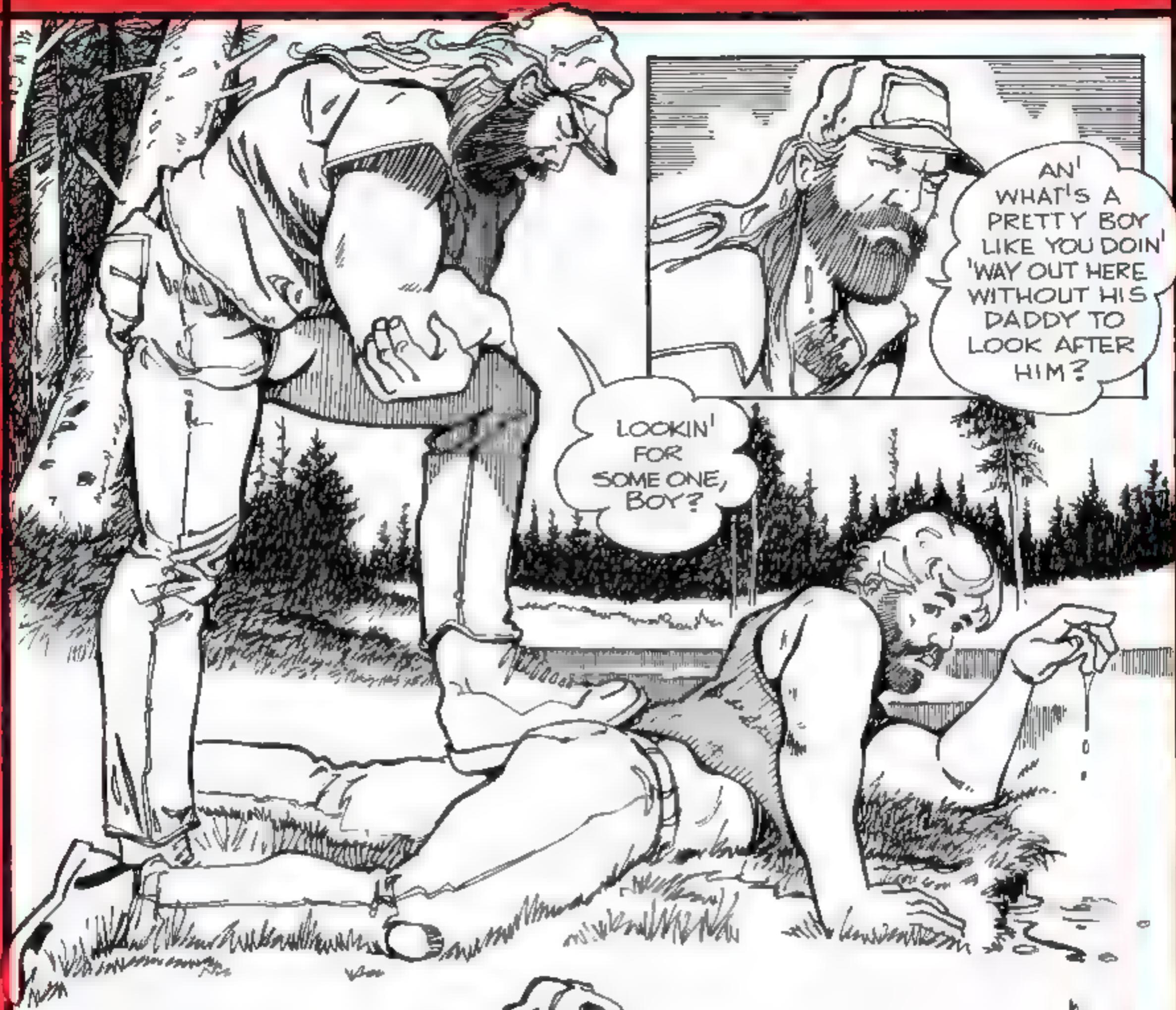
Dear Toshi,

As a native, you are certainly much better informed than I, so I thank you and pass along your helpful suggestion. However, I have heard from too many guys who have had problems to simply abandon my previous caveat. By your own admission, Japan is not anywhere near as open as either the U.S. or Europe when it comes to leather. When it comes to SM activity, your closet door is much more firmly closed than ours, and an outsider had better have a personal contact or he is likely to come away without any scars to show for his efforts.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.









This is THE Catacombs poster, even if it is more familiar as a poster for any of several other clubs. The art is by Zach.

The Catacombs: A Temple of the Butthole

by G. Rubin

When I first heard of the Catacombs, the name conjured up images of the underground tombs of ancient Rome, where early Christians fled to escape state persecution and practice their illegal religion in as much privacy as they could find. San Francisco's Catacombs was a similarly underground establishment where 20th century sexual heretics could practice their own rites and rituals in a situation that was insulated, as much as possible, from the curious and the hostile.

The Catacombs played a special role in the sexual history of San Francisco's leather communities. It was first and primarily a place for gay male fisting parties. It was also a place for SM, and over time, the Catacombs was shared with other groups — kinky lesbians, straights, and bisexuals. While it never lost its identity as a fister's paradise, over the years it increasingly took on a role as a community center for the local SM population. It was a beloved and important institution. When the Catacombs became a casualty not only of AIDS but of the misguided witch hunts of AIDS hysteria, its closure occasioned a deluge of grief and mourning.

The Catacombs did not begin as one of the world's premier sex clubs. It began more humbly as a birthday present from Steve McEachern to his lover. When Steve decided to convert the back of the basement of his San Francisco Victorian into a dungeon, the Catacombs began to take shape.

Steve was an audacious, bright, moody, stubborn, difficult, irascible, and utterly endearing person. He was a sexual visionary who made it his life's business to create an environment in which he could comfortably indulge in the kind of sexual intensity he liked. He was one of those individuals whose selfish determination to do what he wanted created magic and excitement for those around him.

Steve came to San Francisco as a teenager and eventually found his way into the early sixties leather crowd. He met Tony Tavarossi, who had managed the Why Not, San Francisco's first dedicated leather bar. Steve would sneak into the Tool Box when he was underage, and he became involved with the local FFA ("First Fuckers of America") crowd. He acquired many devoted friends, including a straight married couple who

became his informally "adopted" family. With their assistance, Steve bought a large, two-flat Victorian at a tax auction.

The house was located on 21st Street between Valencia and Guerrero. Steve lived in the first floor flat and ran a typing business out of the basement before he began to build the dungeon that eventually became the Catacombs. By the mid-seventies, Steve's basement had become the gathering spot for one group of local fisting aficionados. The Catacombs had its first official birthday in May of 1975, and Steve held an anniversary

You did not have to be a handsome hunk with drop-dead pecs or a huge dick to get on Steve's list. The Catacombs was not about being pretty.

You did have to be a serious player (or a seriously interested novice). And you had to know how to behave at a sex party or show some ability and willingness to learn appropriate etiquette. Steve ruthlessly 86'ed anyone who was rude, unable to handle his drugs, or who infringed unduly on the ability of others to have a good time.

Even if you were on Steve's list, you did not just drop in at the Catacombs. You had to make an advance reservation to be admitted to the party. There was a sign on the door that said "If you didn't call first, don't ring now." Steve felt that a party would sell better if people did not constantly arrive with new and strange energy. He did not want the door bell ringing all night to distract or alarm the celebrants. So guests were only admitted from 9PM to 11PM (or a few minutes thereafter).

Once you made it in, the Catacombs environment was both intensely sexual and positively cozy. The door was usually opened by a smiling (and naked) man who let you into a little anteroom which shielded the main room from cold air and prying eyes. You would go on into the main room and step up to Steve's command post at the end of the bar. There you would check in and pay your money and your respects to Steve.

Next you would go look for an area under the benches where you could stash your gear, your toys, and your clothes. Nudity was the norm at the Catacombs. People would wear leather harnesses, arm bands, jocks, socks, or nothing at all. Steve always had the heat turned up. He deliberately kept the temperature warm enough so that naked people would be comfortable and anyone in clothes miserably hot. Steve himself usually started out the evening in a pair of leather shorts with a removable codpiece. I remember him most vividly as a tall, very thin, angular presence, snorting poppers and holding court at the end of the bar, wearing those tight leather shorts.

The front room was the social area of the Catacombs. It looked and felt a lot like a leather bar except that it was more intimate

At the Catacombs,
you could experience
a hand in your butt
or the exquisite
agonies of SM in total,
absolute comfort.

party each year thereafter to commemorate the founding of the club.

Although the Catacombs generated the kind of camaraderie and loyalty associated with clubs, it was not a club in the usual sense. It was a privately owned space, and the events there were private parties. Steve ran the Catacombs with an eagle eye and an iron hand. He applied his considerable intelligence to figuring out what made parties work and what made them hot. The party technology he developed was so successful that it was adopted by others. Many kinky San Francisco parties are still run along similar lines.

It was not easy to get into the Catacombs. Like any good host, Steve knew that a successful party depended on having the right people. The Catacombs was exclusive. To be invited to the parties, you had to be on Steve's list. To get on Steve's list, you had to be recommended by someone he knew, and often had to be interviewed by him as well.

and everyone was nude. An extraordinary collection of erotic art graced its walls. Fisting was a major theme, as was the history of the local leather community. Many of the pieces were artifacts of fondly remembered leather bars already old and gone—the Why Not, the Tool Box, and the Red Star Saloon.

The front room contained a "bar" although no alcohol was sold at the Catacombs. Patrons stashed their beer in the refrigerator and they helped themselves to the ice, soft drink, and coffee machines behind the bar. The lights were low, the music soft, and the men plentiful. The front area was where you would come in, sit down, greet your friends, do your drugs, finish your manicure, and make a transition from the everyday world into "play space."

"Out front" was distinguished from "the back." In the front room, you socialized, smoked, drank, flirted, negotiated, and came up for air. Although there was sometimes sex play in the front, it was unusual. When you made a connection and were ready to play, you headed for the back. There was no smoking, eating, or drinking permitted in the back. The back was for sex.

The back consisted of two rooms, the "Bridal Suite" and the dungeon. I always assumed the first got its name because so many affairs commenced on the huge four poster water bed that dominated the room. Speakers had been positioned so that the music was a med right at the bed. The water bed was readily visible to much of the party, yet its immensity afforded its occupants some physical distance from others. It was thus the ideal spot for those public displays of special intimacy.

Built-in benches lined the other walls. These were about three feet wide, covered with foam pads, and comfortable to play on. Just past the waterbed was one of Steve's favorite pieces of equipment. It was the top part of a hospital gurney, covered with a foam mattress and hung from the ceiling by chains and large springs. There were leather stirrups available for the bottom's legs and the whole thing swung and bounced most delightfully. Steve loved to sit there with his hand buried in his current favorite, hooting and hollering, and jumping up and down.

Finally, all the way in the back, was the dungeon. Just walking into that room could put a person *In The Mood*. The dungeon had huge exposed wood beams and posts. It had a wood plank floor sanded smooth as baby skin and covered at all times with a thin sheen of Crisco. There were mirrors on the walls and ceilings. Victorian gaslights added a suggestion of 19th century menace to the general ambience.

The first thing you saw upon entering the dungeon was a black iron cage about seven feet tall and about two feet on each side. The cage was bolted to the dungeon floor and tilted with large padlocks. The key was kept up at the front of the bar until someone wanted to use the cage. To the left of the cage was a

Crisco greased the asshole. It greased whole bodies. It greased the walls. It greased the way for smooth and easy contact.

suspension hoist. No one was allowed to use the hoist until Steve was satisfied that the person knew how to do so safely.

In the middle of the room, a large wooden bondage cross had been fashioned by adding horizontal beams to one of the support posts of the house. The cross was a favorite spot for whipping. A uniquely designed padded bondage table stood along the right hand wall. A U-shaped cut out area extended in for about a yard from the foot of the table and enabled the top to step right up to the bottom's dick and butt. The usual stirrups hanging above were available for the bottom's legs.

In the far back were two operating tables, perfect for medical scenes or precision torture. Mattress pads lined the outside walls. The back half of the dungeon was occupied by two rows of commodious black leather slings, one on each side of the room. Steve had made many of the slings himself. Each sling was fitted with stirrups. To hold cans of Crisco, big coffee cans were hung by chains next to each sling.

The doorless entrance to the bathroom was off to the side near the front of the dungeon. Long towel racks had been installed and the shower was fitted with a douche hose. Patrons were expected to douche at home, but the hose was available for touch ups and emergencies. There were often several people in the bathroom at the same time. One might be sitting on the hose, another using the john, a third washing up his hands and forearms, and a few more standing around waiting and talking. As a result, the bathroom sometimes had a lighter and more social atmosphere than the rest of "the back."

Sex Without Friction

Fisting is an art that involves seducing one of the jumpiest and tightest muscles in the body. The Catacombs was designed to help the butthole open up, relax, and feel good. The space was set up to minimize any distractions from the quest for deep penetration and other extreme bodily pleasures. It was constructed to enhance the ability to focus on intense physical sensation. At the Catacombs, you could experience a hand in

your butt or the exquisite agonies of SM in total, absolute comfort.

The environment was kept as clean, safe, and warm as possible. The equipment was well built and sturdy. Surfaces were smooth. Floors were kept unobstructed. You did not need to worry about stubbing your toes on bags of gear, getting splinters from the wood, or whether the equipment would hold your weight. Once the doors closed and the bell stopped ringing, the outside world and its troubles receded into the distance.

The play stations were designed to reduce unnecessary stress on the body. Most surfaces were soft or padded. The leg stirrups allowed you to lie on your back with your legs in the air for a long time. You could concentrate on your asshole or your titclamps instead of on thigh cramps or lumbar strain. A lot of the equipment was built for movement. The slings, waterbed, gurney, and suspension hoist provided feelings of floating and weightlessness. Their specific motions enabled a top to swing, wiggle, bounce, or rock the bottom without much expenditure of energy or force. This saved wear and tear on many an arm.

Vast quantities of Crisco were essential to the Catacombs experience. Crisco was the lube of choice. Nothing ever removed the ubiquitous coating of Crisco that was so characteristic of the place. Fresh cans of Crisco were put out before every party and strategically placed within easy reach of every possible play station. Sometimes Steve would initiate Crisco fights just to get everyone loosened up. Crisco greased the asshole. It greased whole bodies. It greased the walls. It greased the way for smooth and easy contact.

Lube reduced friction. Dirt and grit created unwanted abrasion. They were anathema. Steve's insistence on cleanliness helped to maintain a smooth environment. As one regular put it, sex at the Catacombs was about "fit, comfort, rhythm, and grease." The action was intense and serious, but it also had a playful, kids-in-the-sandbox quality.

Music to Fuck By

Music was an essential ingredient of the Catacombs experience. An excellent sound

system penetrated every corner of the place. Steve recorded a series of brilliantly conceived tapes, which he used to enhance, intensify, and manipulate the party mood. By changing the soundtrack, Steve could charge up the party, change its direction, or bring it down.

For the first couple of hours, while the doors were open and guests arriving, he played a variety of music to get people relaxed and excited. After the doors shut and the party was ready to take off, Steve generally put on specially selected disco. Disco got people into "the back," enthusiastically fucking and whipping to its insistently sensual beat. Later in the evening, Steve usually switched to moodier, darker, and more menacing electronic music that worked better for slow deep fucking and intense pain trips.

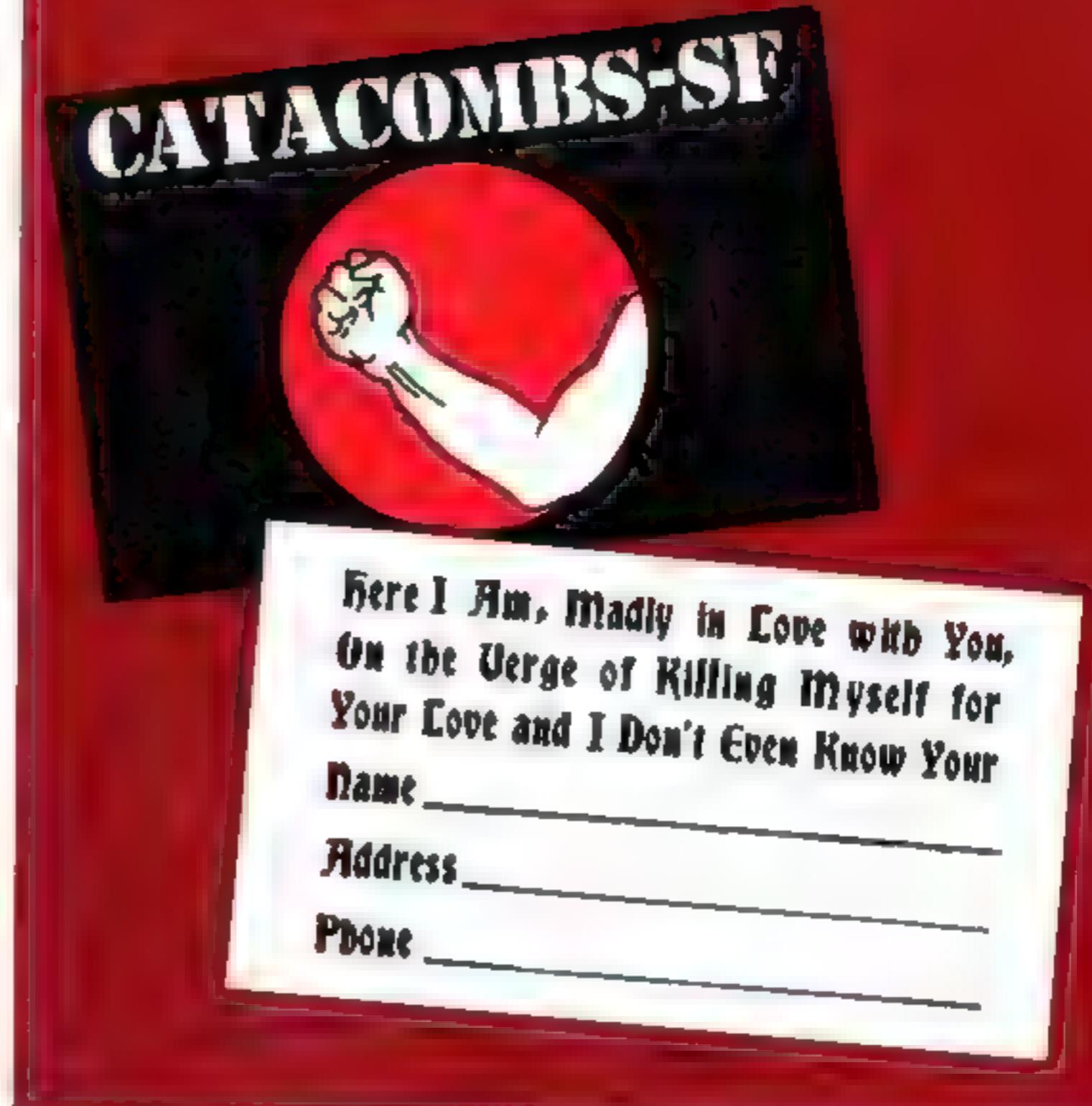
He often chose music that had lyrics that seemed to speak directly to the experience of the players. Imagine that you are standing in front of a sling, gently rocking the man whose life you hold on your arm. Or imagine that you are lying in that sling, and your partner is using the chain connecting your nipple rings to pull you down on his hand. Your poppers hit, your resistance dissolves, and lines such as these flit through your brain: "You need a strong love, to keep you warm, you need a man's love." "I need a man." "It took me twenty years to learn how to swim, fear of flying's gonna do me in." "In and out, in and out." "And now, I'm gonna take you to Heaven." "I was made for loving you, baby." "Feel the need, feel the need in me." "Can you feel it, can you feel it; feel it in your body, let your body move." "I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you right now."

Some of the Catacombs hits were leather anthems such as Bette Midler's "Knight in Black Leather" or the Skatt Brothers' "Walk the Night." Sometimes Steve let out his wicked sense of humor. Imagine you are back in that same sling, when suddenly you hear a toilet flush at a 100 watts per channel. Steve often commissioned original songs for special parties such as birthdays or New Years Eve. One memorable New Years, at the stroke of twelve, the guests were serenaded to the tune of Auld Lang Syne with verses of 'A Fist in Your Behind, My Love, A Fist in Your Behind.'

An Oasis of Kink

At the regular Saturday night Catacombs parties, there was some divergence between fisting play and SM. This in turn reflected a division in the larger leather community. While there was a great deal of overlap between fisters and sadomasochists, they composed separate groups with distinctive social patterns throughout most of the 1970s.

Many of the serious sadomasochists thought of Crisco as something that ruined leather and were contemptuous of what was perceived as a lack of decorum and formality.



among fisters. On the other hand, many fisters were emphatically disinterested in SM. Some fisters thought of SM as a noisy and brutal intrusion into the peaceful meditative atmosphere they desired.

While the Catacombs crowd was primarily interested in fisting, Steve himself was a devotee of both fisting and SM. SM was always part of the Catacombs, and it became more prevalent as the space became accessible to women and mixed gender groups.

The person responsible for Steve opening the Catacombs to other groups was Cynthia Slater. Cynthia, who died of AIDS in October, 1989, had a monumental impact on the shape of the San Francisco leather community. She founded the Society of Janus in the early 1970's. By the mid 1970's, Janus was a point of connection between straight, bisexual, and gay sadomasochists in the Bay Area. Through Janus, a lot of very different sorts of kinky people have found some common ground.

Through Janus, Cynthia also made contact with Steve and the Catacombs. By 1977, she and Steve were lovers. Steve eventually decided to allow Cynthia into the Saturday night parties. While some of the regulars were unhappy with a woman's presence, others came to enjoy it as yet another twist on an already wild situation. Cynthia was bisexual. She introduced a couple of her female lovers into the space as well. By the summer of 1978, there were often one to five

women intermingling with the sixty to eighty men.

One of the women Cynthia brought to the Catacombs was Pat Califia. Pat had the bright idea of approaching Steve about renting the Catacombs on a Friday night for a women's SM play party. Steve agreed. On June 1, 1979, the first of what would be many women's parties at the Catacombs was held. Steve was generally present at the women's parties, as was his lover, Fred Heramb, who had succeeded Cynthia as Steve's consort. So the women's parties usually consisted of about thirty women and two men.

When the Hallelujah Chorus came on, people would start slapping and whipping and pumping in unison, shouting Hallelujah and celebrating their ecstasy.

In a very real sense, SM lesbians learned how to party from the Catacombs. Lesbian sadomasochists were just getting organized in the late 1970's. Steve's generosity made it possible for them to encounter a sophisticated world of highly developed party and play techniques that would have otherwise been inaccessible. The Catacombs quickly became a home and clubhouse for the nascent San Francisco lesbian SM community. Because the local group was instrumental in the emergence of organized lesbian SM nationally, the lessons of the Catacombs were transmitted to a generation of kinky gay women.

In 1980, Cynthia Slater and a friend (Susan Thorner) decided to rent the Catacombs on a Friday night for a big mixed gender/mixed orientation SM party. The event, held on March 21, was the first time significant numbers of gay male, lesbian, bisexual, and heterosexual perverts partied together in the Bay Area. This party was so successful that Cynthia and her co-conspirator rented the top floor of the HotHouse for two more gigantic mixed parties. There were also smaller mixed parties at Cynthia's home and private dungeon.

The successors to these early mixed parties would eventually become a local institution. While the mixed parties included both men and women, they included too many gay men and lesbians to be "straight," and too many heterosexuals to be gay. Although they provided opportunities for experimentation, they were not about getting people to abandon their different orientations. On the contrary, by fostering an attitude of respect for difference, the parties created a comraderie atmosphere in which diverse populations could observe one another, appreciate their mutual interest in kink, and discover what they did have in common.

The Beginning of the End

The golden age of the Catacombs ended abruptly, on the morning of August 28, 1981. During the night, Steve and Fred had been happily balling on the waterbed in the Bridal Suite when Steve had a heart attack and died. Fred was in a state of shock and desolate grief. For all practical purposes, the Catacombs had vanished.

Steve had left no will. The building was in the name of his "adopted" parents. His other possessions reverted to his family of origin. They had no interest in the Catacombs, and seemed anxious to have it disappear as quickly as possible. They immediately authorized Fred to sell the equipment to one of the old regulars. Various friends were coming by and claiming the art work, although much of it ended up being stored for several months in my apartment. To keep the music tapes, Fred bought them back from Steve's family. Within two days of Steve's death, the Catacombs had been completely dismantled.

The Catacombs crowd still needed a place to gather. The man who had bought the equipment, and some partners, opened the San Francisco Catacombs II, at 736 Larkin, on October 30, 1981. The San Francisco Catacombs II invited women to its grand opening but excluded them thereafter. Many of the regulars grumbled about the place and it never caught on. It closed within three months. In January of 1982, I got an excited call from Fred. He had found a house on Shotwell Street that he planned to convert into a party and living space. He had the tapes and he had the party list. He had two partners, one of whom was the man who owned the equipment. They were going to reopen the Catacombs on Shotwell.

The Shotwell house was smaller than the old Catacombs building. It consisted of one flat over a large garage/basement. Fred and his friends went to work. They walled over the garage door. They installed a wooden floor. They put in heating and plumbing and a sound system. Fred came over and got the art work he had stored with me, and he managed to recover all but one piece of the rest of the art. The Catacombs reopened on February 13, 1982.

Fred restored the Catacombs in exquisitely precise detail. The floor plan was different at Shotwell, and this dictated some changes in the layout of the dungeon. There was no place for a waterbed, but there was room for several additional slings. Fred somehow reassembled virtually every moveable piece of the old place — equipment, art work, music tapes, and even a metal stool used by shorter persons to get in and out of equipment designed for taller ones. The Shotwell Catacombs was Fred's farewell gift to Steve. Fred built a monument to Steve by painstakingly reconstructing the environment Steve had built and loved.

Fred also added some innovations of his own. One of the most popular was a motorcycle bolted to the floor. He added new art work. He found people to do new music tapes. When Mark Joplin started to take over the music, the soundtrack changed. There was more new wave and Euro-rock, more electronic music, and less disco. There was, however, a very long disco version of Handel's Hallelujah chorus that became the anthem of the Shotwell Catacombs. When the Hallelujah chorus came on, usually at midnight, people would start slapping and whipping and pumping in unison, shouting Hallelujah and celebrating their ecstasy, their freedom, and their shared rituals of communion. The revived Catacombs was a marvelous club, faithful to the original and wonderful in its own right.

At Shotwell, the sociology of the Catacombs changed. Ultimately, the different genders and sexual populations mingled even more successfully at this location than they had at the original. Ironically, this came about in part because women were





once again excluded from the Saturday parties.

Women were admitted to the parties for the first few months at Shotwell. But there was only one woman, Carla, who consistently attended them. Carla had been introduced to the Catacombs by Mark Joplin, her lover. After several months, the anti-woman faction convinced Fred to bar women on Saturday nights. There was a Tuesday party to which women were still admitted. But Tuesday was in the middle of the work week, and the parties were considerably more subdued

Mark and Carla therefore decided to throw regular mixed "Down and Dirty" parties one Friday a month. As a result, mixed gender parties became an on-going and stable institution. The mixed parties have continued since that time. They have been treated as a precious legacy in the local SM community. They have been passed on from one group to another, and have survived AIDS, the closing of the baths, many deaths (including those of Fred and Mark), and the final disappearance of the Catacombs. The parties still run, heirs to the traditions established by Cynthia at her mixed parties a decade ago, and by Steve at the Catacombs almost fifteen years ago.

The Bitter End

If I were asked what ultimately destroyed the Catacombs, I would have to say AIDS, even though that is too simple a response. There were other factors, and the impact of AIDS was felt in complex and unanticipated ways. But directly and indirectly, AIDS took the Catacombs and the lives of many of the individuals who called it home.

The first hint of what was in store came in the summer of 1981, about a month before Steve's heart attack. Tony Tavarossi suddenly died of pneumonia. I remember his friends being so puzzled, since people did not generally die of pneumonia or go as quickly as he did. In retrospect, it became clear that Tony had been one of the earliest San Francisco victims of pneumocystis. At that time, there were health problems around the Catacombs — familiar things like intestinal parasites and hepatitis. But no one knew then what AIDS was, or even that it existed.

When the Catacombs reopened in 1982, AIDS was still a rather distant cloud. As it moved in, information was scarce and inconclusive. There was a great deal of confusion about what was happening and how to deal with it. These were the days when epidemiologists suspected that AIDS was caused by a micro-organism, and they theorized that it was sexually transmitted. But no one knew what the organism was, or the actual methods of transmission.

Safe sex guidelines began to be issued only in 1983, and these early recommendations were based on educated guesswork. Safe sex practices spread slowly at first, and began to take hold among gay men in 1984. One of the problems faced by the Catacombs crowd

in adopting safe sex practices was that all the guidelines listed fisting as unsafe.

There is something deeply irrational in the way fisting has been treated in safe sex recommendations. My own feeling is that many health professionals simply assumed that fisting was inherently "unsafe," regardless of its relationship to AIDS. This assumption kept fisting in the category of unsafe acts in the AIDS education literature and hindered the development of AIDS risk reduction guidelines for fisting. It is true that one of the first cluster studies of AIDS included many fisters, and that there was an early statistical correlation between fisting and AIDS. Nevertheless, fisting itself never seemed a particularly likely candidate for AIDS transmission. The early epidemiological data indicated that AIDS was difficult to catch. Unless there were breaks in the skin, it was unclear how a hand could efficiently transmit or receive the presumed organism.

As more data accumulated and the correlation between AIDS and fisting became weaker, fisting remained listed as an unsafe practice. When anal intercourse became the major risk factor correlated with AIDS, unprotected anal intercourse was listed as unsafe, but anal sex with condoms was considered possibly (or probably) safe. Why health guidelines never suggested fisting with opera length rubber gloves as a method of risk reduction is still a mystery to me.

During 1983 and 1984, the Catacombs responded as quickly and responsibly as possible when information about AIDS began to trickle in. Fred welcomed representatives from the Center for Disease Control (CDC). According to Fred, they told him the Catacombs was the cleanest sex club they had visited. As the presence of a deadly communicable disease became more evident, the cleaning protocol became even more elaborate. After every party, the Catacombs was washed down with industrial strength disinfectants. The towels were laundered in germicidal potions. Surgical scrub and mouthwash were put next to the sinks. Signs were prominently posted encouraging patrons to "Wash Hands After Every Fuck."

When the CDC started to recommend using condoms, Fred handed them out. One man looked at him and asked, "What am I supposed to do with these, put one on each finger?" At a subsequent party, Fred handed out shoulder length veterinary gloves, with inches marked up the arm.

The safe sex campaigns worked on the premise that what you did was important, not where you did it. While some of the local baths and sex clubs resisted dealing with AIDS and refused to distribute safe sex materials, other clubs actively promoted safe sex information. The Cauldron hosted safe sex programs, and both the Cauldron and the Catacombs were especially diligent in providing safe sex updates to their respective clienteles.

Fisting is an art that involves seducing one of the jumpiest and tightest muscles in the body.

A volatile political campaign to close the baths erupted in the spring of 1984. The safe sex campaigns worked on the premise that what you did was important, not where you did it. While some of the local baths and sex clubs resisted dealing with AIDS and refused to distribute safe sex materials, other clubs actively promoted safe sex information. The Cauldron hosted safe sex programs, and both the Cauldron and the Catacombs were especially diligent in providing safe sex updates to their respective clienteles.

The attempts to close the baths represented a different strategy for dealing with AIDS. Rather than promoting changes in sexual behavior to reduce the risk of transmission, the move to close the baths emphasized reducing the opportunities for gay men to have sex at all. Proponents of closure argued that their program was an obvious measure to save lives. They portrayed the debate about bathhouse closure as one which pitted public health needs against civil rights concerns.

This perspective oversimplified and distorted the situation. Efforts to force closure of the baths through legal action did set dangerous precedents for state harassment of gay businesses and gay behavior. Wholesale closure eliminated opportunities for sex education along with opportunities for sex. Closure drove men to the streets and alleys and parks, which were arguably less safe and clean than the clubs they lost.

Moreover, the advantages of closing the baths were not balanced with a realistic assessment of the losses involved. Those who pushed for closure appeared to assume that nothing important, good, or worth struggling to preserve occurred in the sex palaces. They placed little value on the baths and clubs and failed to recognize them as important institutions that served many needs in the gay community.

It took over a year of bureaucratic and legal maneuvering for the crusade against the

baths to succeed. Nevertheless, the handwriting on the wall was large and glaring. Many of the club owners took opportunities to get out before they were forced out. Fred decided to close the Catacombs. He did not want to police what people did. He did not want to be closed by legal fiat. Above all, he saw the grim realities that made the future of running a gay sex club a dubious enterprise. He scheduled a final round of parties and a garage sale of the club contents. As it had been after Steve's death, the Catacombs was dismantled once again, this time permanently. Those who loved the Catacombs came to the sale to take home a piece of it to keep and treasure. At one of the final parties, there was a big cake that said "Farewell Catacombs, Fuck You World." The last Catacombs party was held on Saturday night, April 21, 1984. The discovery of the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV, but then called HTLV-III) was announced on Monday morning, April 23, 1984.

Not Forgotten

Although the Catacombs is gone, it has left a considerable legacy. In addition to its now widely imitated "recipes for a successful sex party," there is a set of Catacombs attitudes that have taken root in a larger community. The Catacombs expressed a very deep love for the physical body. A place that could facilitate so much anal pleasure could make any part of the body feel happy. For the most part, our society treats the pursuit of physical pleasure as something akin to taking out the garbage. At the Catacombs, the body and its sensate abilities were valued, celebrated, and loved. I learned some precious lessons there, and feel very lucky to have had the privilege of sharing in that experience. Even though its focus was on the male body, the Catacombs changed the ways I feel about my own, female body.

When I read descriptions in the straight press (and often in the gay press as well) of the places where gay sex, fisting, and SM occur, I am often stunned by their utter lack of comprehension. Places devoted to sex are usually depicted as harsh, alienated, scary environments, where people have only the most utilitarian and exploitative relationships. The Catacombs could not have been more different. It was not a perfect utopia where nothing bad ever happened. It had its share of melodrama, heartache, and the human condition. But it was essentially a friendly place. It was a sexually organized environment where people treated each other with mutual respect, and where they were lovingly sexual without being in holy wedlock.

At the Catacombs, even brief connections were handled with courtesy and care. And there was a particular kind of love that emerged from the slings. Sometimes that love only happened in "the back." Just as often, it extended out into the everyday world. The Catacombs facilitated the formation of deep friendships and lasting networks of support. Many of the men who frequented the

Catacombs found the relationships there that have sustained them through time, nurtured them with affection, cared for them in sickness, and buried them in sorrow.

The creation of successful sexual environments is as much an achievement as the building of more "respectable" institutions. The individuals who have built them should be recognized for their accomplishments. Places and events like the Mineshaft, Interno, and the Catacombs (among others) can serve as models and provide inspiration to other times and other places.

AIDS will not last forever. The gay community is already starting to recover its balance and its strength. There will be a renaissance of sex. There will be new clubs, new parties, and new horizons. I hope that some of these will have the grace and verve and spunk of the Catacombs. □

Gayle Rubin is a member of the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay History Project. She is engaged in a study of the history of the gay male leather community in the Bay Area, and is also collecting information on the post World War II emergence of leather nationally. She maintains an archive of leather oriented historical material and memorabilia. Gayle would like to interview individuals about their experiences of leather and SM life, especially before 1980. She is also interested in collecting or photographing relevant memorabilia. She may be contacted at P.O. Box 31452, San Francisco, CA 94131.

Further Reading

Jack Fritscher wrote a lovely memoir of the 21st St. Catacombs which appeared in Drummer 23, 1978. It is accompanied by priceless photos of the interior. For history of the mixed SM community in San Francisco, see Carol Truscott, "San Francisco. A Reverent, Non-Linear, Necessarily Incomplete History of the SM Scene," in the Sandmupia Guardian, #8. For insights on the early days of organized lesbian SM, see Pat Califia, "A Personal View of the Lesbian S/M Community and Movement in San Francisco," in Samois, ed., Coming To Power, 1987. Geoff Mains was a Catacombs regular whose experiences there are often reflected in his writing. See especially "View From a Sling," Drummer 121, 1988, and the excerpts from his Gentle Warriors in Drummer 127, 1989. The August 1989 issue of Growing Pains, the newsletter of the Society of Janus, contains reminiscences of Fred Heramb. The December 1989 Growing Pains is a memorial issue dedicated to Cynthia Stater. On the significance of the baths, see Allan Berube, "The History of the Gay Bathhouses," Coming Up, December 1984.

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Remembrance of Sleaze Past



Photography by
Jim Wigler

To any self-respecting leather "faggot" (another of those terms, see "Off The Top," page 4) above a certain age, the title "Remembrance of Sleaze Past" has to conjure up all sorts of kinky things that could be done with a madeleine. So, inspired by Jack Fritscher's theme, we decided to do a photo shoot with a hot leatherman nibbling on the scallop-shaped sponge cake for our cover.

One of the hottest leathermen in this area is Peter Austin, Mr. San Francisco Leather 1989. At the International Mr. Leather finals each year, I not only help judge and select the winner, but I also make a personal selection of those I would most like to carry off and do dastardly things to. Peter was definitely a winner in this latter category in 1979. Unfortunately what I'd like to do is rarely what I actually get to do—but he did agree to pose for us, and you see a bit of the results here.

While we eventually chose another, and sleazier, cover, we are giving you Peter in his "Proustian" moments here. Rest assured, we'll be bringing you a lot more Peter Austin in the near future.

Whether you've read it or not—and how many of us have?—you probably know the title of Proust's epic, *Remembrance of Things Past*. And, very likely, you've heard of Mr. Proust's transcendent experience with a madeleine and a cup of tea. If not, ask an older or more literate queer (another one of those words!).

—AFD





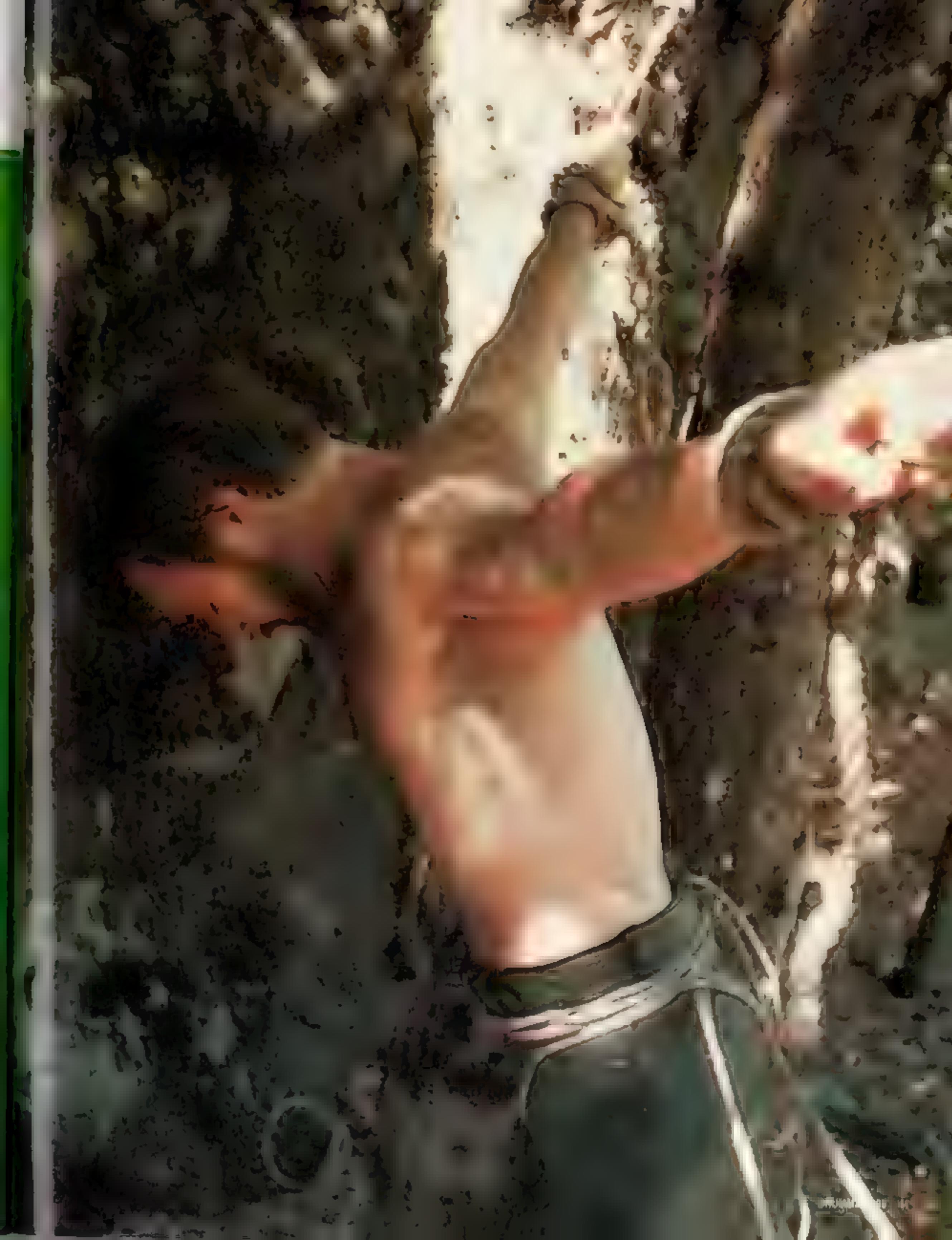




USSM/ONE



Reviewed In Drummedia pg.43





Something For Everyone

by Joseph W. Bean

We showed you some great pictures from J. D. Slater's Izzat Production video *Guilty* last month, including one on the cover of the issue. And we reviewed it in Drummedia, too. But we (I) forgot to tell you how to get a copy. If you want *Guilty*—and what leatherman would not?—you can order it in VHS or Beta (\$69.95) or in Super VHS (\$79.95) directly from Izzat Productions, c/o J. D. Slater, 584 Castro St. #328, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588. Add \$4 for shipping, plus tax if you're a CA resident. Or you can add a copy of *Guilty* (VHS only, \$69.95) to your next Sandmuploie Supply Co. order. See the end of Drummedia for address, etc.

STREET FAIR FOLLIES

You know Goodjac—Michael Goodwin, that is, of "The Goodjac Chronicles"—don't you? Well, imagine that wonderfully warped man running around the streets of San Francisco with a video camera during street fairs and parades. Whatever you are imagining, the actual results are wilder and stranger than that. Trust me on this one.

Street fairs in San Francisco are something like a moveable Mardi Gras spread over several summer months instead of happening all at once, as it does in New Orleans. So, what *Street Fair Follies* amounts to is this: The craziest, sex-positive, cameraman around, shooting visitors and residents of the Bay Area at their wildest

In the opening number of *SFF*, Goodwin coaxes a guy to slip his dick out in front of the camera, right on the street. Then zoom! We're off to other things: Doris Fish (a male actress) running a Hug-a-Hunk booth, The Hun and Mr. Northwest Drummer 1988-89 (Rob Neyts) making the rounds, Peter Case's incredibly "advanced" nipples attracting attention; Joan, one of The City's true eccentrics, assuring everyone that she takes care of the pigeons here—"They're waiting for me, and they all seem to love me!"

In fact, with the dykes on bikes, any number of glimpses of sunlit dicks, Mayor Agnos kissing David Devereaux, Lily Street (a drag queen who's the president of a leathermen's club, when he's out of drag), topless Rockettes, rabbits, snakes, iguanas, male and female nuns, a Leather Daddy Contest, Mr. Marcus, leather comic Danny Williams... with all of this and endless black leather and flesh and skin and muscles, Goodwin has made the perfect promo tape for the San Francisco visitor's bureau to, but they'll never go for it.



Lee Baldwin from *Krazy Horny Nutz*. (Photo by Michael Goodwin)

Wherever you live, however seldom you may get to Northern California, you really should have *Street Fair Follies* in your video library. Use it when you're having a party, planning a vacation, feeling down, feeling giddy, and whenever you can't be on these wild streets yourself

KRAZY HORNY NUTZ

Goodwin doesn't exactly quit the streets of SF cold turkey between *Follies* and this video, *Krazy Horny Nutz*. This one opens with a collage on the edge of psychedelia. The pieces of the opening puzzle, in addition to shots from the streets, include nuts as punching bag, condoms used and abused, and a bust of David wearing a jock strap. (Think about it!) But nothing in the preface prepares you for the six titled scenes that follow.

Starting off peacefully, as it were, "Slave and a Haircut" is Goodjac shaving Tito's dick and balls with a safety razor while Tito jerks off. It's hot... nah, in light of what follows still, let's say it's warm and frothy.

One of the hotter scenes comes up next: Kent Sage in "Jockstrap Hunger." Bad title, actually. This is more like a cross between jockstrap worship and jockstrap starvation. Shave-headed white sucker Sage really goes for his black Master's jock. Then, Lee Baldwin (you may remember him from some work with Christopher Raze) takes care of his own very nice cock and very talented asshole all by himself in "Dong You Very Much."

Next, there's a rather weakly-plotted dream-

was-that-a-dream? sequence called "Magic." It's SM, isn't it? Even the sheathed master ends up kneeling and having the fantasizing bottom cum on his face. If auto-fellatio (self-sucking) gets to you, "Eingang will get you off but good in 'Do It Myself'" And that—hot as it is—a prelude to a preface.

Preface: "Temperature Rising" guy fucks his own dick with a thermometer

Piece de resistance (meaning resist): "70s Pig Out" Kent Sage ("Jockstrap Hunger") and Rick Brian (a great fat cock with a thick coat of lard) have sex in all directions. Their pig out is a base or two untouched—according to memory of the 70s—but it's hot, hot, hot.

Over all, *Krazy Horny Nutz* is a smorgasbord of sex, offering pretty much flavor except vanilla.

For more information about these Goodjac Videos, write Michael Goodjac, 2215-R Market St. #404, San Francisco, CA 94114.

PICTURE BOOKS

At the prices we pay these days for books—the publishers would prefer "books"—it just isn't possible to buy every book that catches your eye. Nor, because of other factors, is it reasonable to shell out earned kopeks for any book you will never read once. So the books here are recommended because a) if they're right for you,

Two images from Islanders by Douglas Simonson.



repeated, hands-on favorites; and b) while none of them is really a *Drummer*-style title, just about every *Drummer* reader will like one or more of them.

Islanders: Paintings and Drawings by Douglas Simonson (Alyson Publications, paperback, \$20.00, 48 pages) Simonson's work is always surprising. You see a show or watch him work "on tour," and you think you know what he does. Next time you run into his work, it's all different. The photo-real effects have become stylized accents in the heavily outlined, almost

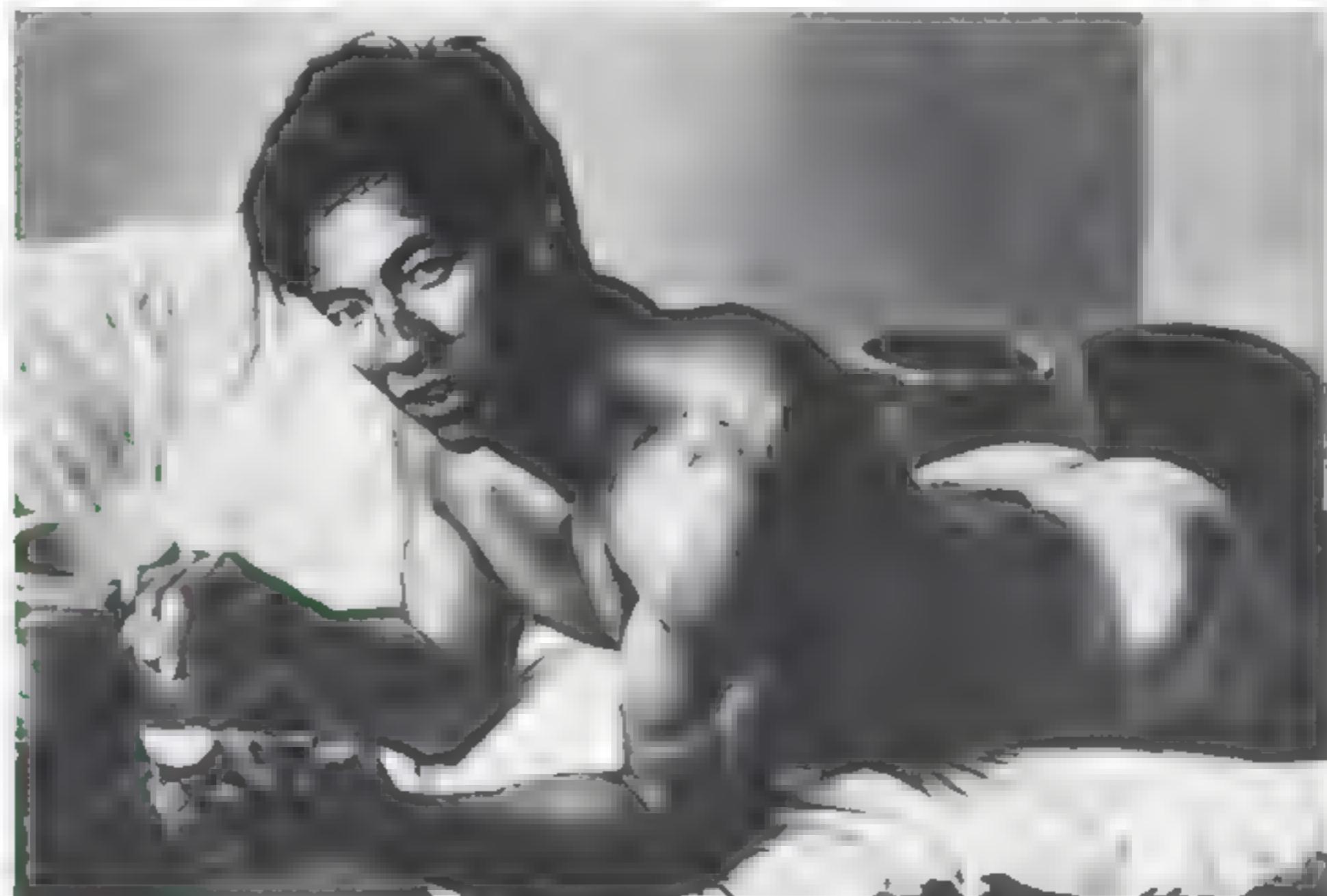
geometrically abstracted paintings, the romantically soft pencil work turns into bold, slashing strokes. Everything changes except the subject and the mastery with which the subject is depicted.

Simonson's intensely affecting art treats only men—magnificently masculine, comfortably beautiful men—mostly Pacific Asian men. If the Asian men are ever interesting to you, Simonson's men will turn you on, hard!

This slim but spectacularly produced little

book has a bit of every style, a sampling of Simonson's hot male types. It is a sampling of 44 art works, 26 of them in full color. Each example has a page to itself with a brief comment by the artist about the medium, the setting, or the particular style. This is a book to reach for many times for years to come.

Phil Fiasche: Male Photographer (The Press, paperback, \$20.00, 100 pages) Phil Fiasche is a modern, male-flesh loving photographer with a certain touch that is affected and a slight bent for the



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ine portfolio
color. And each
a date and a
model, the set-
in a book you'll
come.

(Gay Men's
pages) Phil
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treatments of what can only be called photojournalism. Nonetheless, Fiasche's photos defy categories and consistently transcend any label you try to pin on them.

In 85 pictures—not counting 16 pages of multi-image reporting (with text) on a "City Hustler"—Fiasche reveals his styles and approaches to the male body as an art form to be recorded in high-quality photos. Some of the spreads are fully glamorized photo-essays on specific models or settings. They are beautiful men made magnificent by Fiasche's adoring treatment of them, but they are not the main event for us.

Other photo series include "Wrestling," where the sensually romantic side of the contact is underscored; "Wet," where more than a dozen men (including J. D. Slater) glisten and sparkle in cool, clean water; "Hand on Hand," in which one model is photographed with tattoo-like projections of pictures of himself wrapped around his finely developed muscles; and "Textures" which carries the manipulation of photo images as far in the direction of 20th Century painting as it ever needs to go.

If you can get into the glamorized male at all, Phil Fiasche's book is definitely for you.

Sleeping Beauties by Ken Haak (St. Martins Press, hard cover, \$29.95, 90 pages) The starting place for Haak's collection of 68 large-format photos, 20 of them in full color, is the title of the book: *Sleeping Beauties*. Therein lies the potential of the whole thing, and it's complete failure.

Some of the pictures are arrestingly beautiful and many of the men are breathtaking. Artistically captured photos of these guys sleeping—with all the accidents and imperfections that sleep is heir to—might easily be the greatest male-figure book of the decade. That's



the book Haak might have made. The Potential. What he gives us instead is a 90-page collection of coyness, repetition, over-posed and glossy (but not glamorous) shots of skin. A dead miss . . . for most people. There will be readers, of course, who will enjoy the coy, cock-hiding, twinkling of it all. I suspect you are not one of these people.

A bit of advice: Drummer readers, save the \$30.00 you might have spent on Mr. Haak's picture book, and put it toward the price of a hot SM video. As it happens, I have one more very special video to tell you about. See below.

USSM/ONE

It might seem immodest for me to praise USSM/ONE since I work for Drummer, am writing in Drummer, and the video is a Drummer-Zeus Studios co-production. But, on the other hand, I wasn't yet working for Desmodus, Inc. when the tape was made, nor do I have anything to do with the any video production, promotion or sales. So, with your permission: A rave!

This is not a sex flick at all, it is an SM adventure. No silly plot line to follow, no acting, nothing but action, and the action here is exactly my cup of tea. Maybe yours too. There are two superb whipping scenes and one (no pun pretended) stunning electro-torture scene. The flogging and zapping would be grand with just about any bodies performing them, but USSM/ONE happens to have Henry, the most beautiful bottom in America (my opinion, of course), and Fred and Fledermaus, two of the best Tops in the world (widely-held opinion).

If you have trouble with my opinion of Henry's appearance, just look at the pictures on pages 40-42 and on the center spread of this issue. As for the brilliant sadism of Fred and Fledermaus, you'll have to see it to believe it.

Fred lays into Henry's back in scene and one dungeon scene, and hard enough to wear out any cat's whipping arm—not to mention morta's flog-receiving back. Henry is all with an inviting stretch here and a glance there. It's very intense, but slightest pretense of brutality consensuality. There is even a sense of affection displayed throughout, makes the whole thing a whole lot

Electrotorture scenes are not, by nature, terribly visual . . . most of them, there's Henry. It's not just that Henry is such a pleasure, there is also that he handles a lot of volts, watts, whatever they are. So, as Fledermaus coils degrees of electricity he's pouring it into his body—by way of lots of clips and insertions—you can almost feel the snap. Henry moves sometimes in reaction to the voltage, of course, but the muscles are dancing to the power all by themselves.

Drummer connections notwithstanding, I'm not apologizing for them either. I say USSM/ONE among the best SM videos I have ever seen, probably the very best available at this time for those of us who like whipping and electricity.

USSM/ONE is available by Desmodus, Inc. (\$69.00), PO Box 1314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Add \$3.50 for shipping of one video, \$1.00 each for addi-

Cumming Distractions: Next month we're looking at a hot new fetish magazine, a new line of foreskin videos, and recent releases from Adam & Co., including *Bears and Co.*





LEATHER CALENDAR

MAY 1990

- 1 ■ Hall Brotherhood of Pain/ Houston
- New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 2 ■ SM Univ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago
- 4 ■ Beer Bust NLA, San Diego/ Wolf's, San Diego
- 4-6 ■ 9th Anniv Satyricon MC/ Las Vegas
- Riverside Runn Phoenix
- May Day 4 & MR & Ms NLA, Seattle NLA, Seattle
- 18th Anniv Iron Cross/ Montreal
- 4th Anniv Ulica Tr's MC/ Ulica, NY
- 14th Anniv East Anglia Bikers, England
- 5 ■ MR GREAT PLAINS DRUMMER, St. Louis/ Drum Prod.
- Mr. Tennessee Leather/ Men of Leather, Memphis
- Bar Nt/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport, CT
- Bar Nt/ Rangers/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- 5-6 ■ Spring Party/ SigMar Washington, DC
- 8 ■ 7th Ann Bear Bust/ City Bikers Triangle, Denver
- Cinco de Mayo Bear Bust/ Cai Eagle/ SF Eagle
- 7 ■ Beginners Party GLSM/ Hamburg
- 8 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- Program Meeting/ SigMar Washington, DC
- Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
- 9 ■ Smokey the Bear/ Hot Ash/ Cellblock 28, NYC
- Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston
- Medical Instruments/ GMSMA/ NYC
- 11-13 ■ S/M Leebignt meeting, Dortmund, West Germany
- 12 ■ Mr. San Francisco Leather/ California Club/ SF
- SM Party/ SLM Copenhagen
- Mud Party/ Club Mud/ Rio Nido, CA
- Intro to S/M Class/ QSM/ San Francisco
- Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR
- Inanna Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
- Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks
- Program Meeting & Bar Nt/ NLA, Arkansas/ Little Rock
- Bar Nt/ Wings/ Chept, Memphis
- 13 ■ MOTHER'S DAY
- 5th Wally Sherwood Look Alike Cont./ San Francisco
- Meeting/ Waestch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City
- Bar Nt/ Tridentis RV/ Galaxy, Providence
- Bar Nt/ NLA, Seattle/ The Balcony, Seattle
- 14 ■ Leathercraft Progr/ SigMar Washington, DC
- Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
- 17 ■ Leather Social/ Eugene Leather Alliance/ Eugene, OR
- 18 ■ Leather Cocktails/ Conquistadors/ Orlando
- Flagellation Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg
- Bar Nt/ NLA, Detroit/ Eagle, Detroit
- 18-20 ■ 15th Cruise w/ the Blues Run, Blue Max/ St. Louis
- 13th Birthday/ The London Blues/ England
- 19 ■ ARMED FORCES DAY
- Cape Escaper/ G&L & Entre Nous/ Boston & Providence
- All Ohio Club Night/ Columbus
- Flea Market/ SLUG, San Jose
- Intro to SM Class/ QSM, San Francisco
- Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco
- Bar Nt/ Hartford Cots/ The Pub, Springfield, MA
- Bar Nt/ Stallions/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- 19-20 ■ MR AUSTRALIA DRUMMER/ Canberra
- 20 ■ MR FLORIDA DRUMMER/ Orlando
- 22nd Ann Poker Run/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Denver
- Bike Run & Beer Bust/ Golden Gate Guards/ SF, CA
- Mr. Tri-State Cowboy 1990/ Griffins MC/ Wilmington
- 21 ■ Beginner Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg
- 22 ■ Demo & Social/ VASMI G&L Centre, Vancouver
- New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 23 ■ Playing Safe/ First Aid for SM/ GMSMA/ NYC
- Whipping Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
- 25 ■ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago
- Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno, CA
- Pub Nt/ VASMI, Mt. T's Cabaret, Vancouver
- 25-26 ■ International Mr. Leather Weekend/ IML/ Chicago
- Hustler/ American Uniform Assoc/ Chicago Brigade
- On Tobacco Road/ Hot Ash, Chicago
- LoneStar Eight/ Texas Conf Club/ Carterton, TX
- ECMC Bike Run/ MSC/ Hamburg
- 26 ■ IML Party/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
- Rubber Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg
- Bar Nt/ Tridentis Cent/ Mass/ Mailbox, Worcester
- Bar Nt/ Unicorn MC/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- 27 ■ International Mr. Leather Contest/ IML/ Chicago
- 28 ■ Black & Blue Ball/ IML/ Chicago
- Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- 31 ■ Shokhouse/ Hot Ash/ Cellblock 28, NYC

JUNE 1990

- 1 ■ Fisting Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg
- 14 ■ Zurich International/ Logo 70/ Switzerland
- 2 ■ MR NEW ZEALAND DRUMMER/ Auckland
- Edu Workshop/ ORGASM, Portland, OR
- Bar Nt/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport, CT
- Bar Nt/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Compound, Denver
- 4 ■ Beginners Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg/ 5 New York
- Bondage Club/ NYC
- 6 ■ SM Univ/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago
- 8-10 ■ 6th Anniv TWo/ Omaha
- 10th Anniv FFA/ of Miami
- Demons N-GM/ ASMF Paris, France
- 9 ■ Fantasy/ A. Brian Dawson Prod./ Los Angeles
- Mr. & Ms Southbay Learner/ SLUG, San Jose
- Inanna Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
- Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks
- 9-10 ■ Spring Overnight Run/ Yosemite/ Golden Gate Guards
- 10 ■ Meeting/ Waestch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City
- Leather, Beerbus/ LeatherMasters/ The Gauntlet/ LA
- Bar Nt/ Tridentis RV/ Galaxy, Providence
- 11 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
- 12 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- Program Meeting/ SigMar/ Washington, DC
- Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
- Edu Workshop/ ORGASM, Portland, OR
- 13 ■ Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston
- Annual Bus Meeting & Social/ GMSMA/ NYC
- 15 ■ Flagellation Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg
- Bar Nt/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Touche, Chicago
- 15-17 ■ Leather Pride Weekend/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland, OR
- Scratch & Sniff run/ SF GDI club/ San Francisco
- Kumpeltreib/ LFR/ Essen, W Germany
- 18 ■ Leather Carnival/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland, OR
- Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco
- Dungeon/ ORGASM, Portland, OR
- Bar Nt/ Hartford Cots/ The Pub, Springfield, MA
- Bar Nt/ Extraball/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- 17 ■ FATHER'S DAY
- MR SOUTHEAST DRUMMER/ Atlanta
- Father's Day Celebration/ SF Eagle/ AEF & Godfather
- San Jose Gay Pride Rally/ Santa Clara Co Fairgrounds
- 18 ■ Beginners Party/ GLSM/ Hamburg
- 20 ■ Leather Together Potluck/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland
- 21 ■ A Pride of Cigar Merv Hot Ash/ Cellblock 28, NYC
- 22 ■ The Wall party/ Los Angeles
- Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno
- 22-24 ■ Bonfire Party/ A-Men's Club/ Aarhus, Denmark
- 23 ■ MR S CALIFORNIA DRUMMER/ Los Angeles
- MR NORTHEAST DRUMMER/ DK Zone, New York City
- MR EAST CANADA DRUMMER/ Montreal
- Suspension Party/ Brotherhood of Pain, Houston
- Bar Nt/ Rangers/ Hooperville Sta., Toledo
- 24 ■ GAY PRIDE DAY/ NYC, LA, SF and many other cities
- 25 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- 26 ■ Demo & Social/ VASMI G&L Centre, Vancouver
- New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 27 ■ Rope Bondage/ GMSMA/ NYC
- Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
- 29 ■ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago
- Pub Nt/ VASMI, Mt. T's Cabaret, Vancouver
- 29-1 ■ July Leather Odyssey/ FLC Frankfurt/ W Germany
- Mirage/ The Road Begins/ Capital City Riders MC/ Austin
- 29-3 ■ July Golden Fleece/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Camp X, CO
- 30 ■ Mr BC Drummer/ VASMI/ Vancouver
- Mr Washington State Drummer/ Seattle Men in Leather
- Bar Nt/ Tridentis Cent/ Mass/ Mailbox, Worcester

JULY 1990

- 3 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 4 ■ MR Rockin' Summer/ NYC
- 4 ■ SM Univ/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago
- 6 ■ Club Nt/ Xmas in July/ Tradesmen/ Charlotte, NC
- 6-8 ■ FUNC Conference/ MSC NE/ Newcastle, England
- 7 ■ Bar Nt/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport, CT

Overseas Club Listings

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed. If you can provide a correction please do so.

(SM) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in SM. (W) indicates a women's leather-SM club. (Mixed SM) indicates an SM club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bisexual. (JO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs. (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling mud, etc. (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster, they may or may not have periodic meetings. (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international membership. The nature of the specific interest is usually evident in the name; no special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Heli-motocycle or social clubs. (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list but which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way they are listed please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

Beat Ruedi, Secretary of EMC, has polled the clubs in Europe and solicited much of the information for this listing. We appreciate his assistance.

- 8 ■ Meeting/ Waestch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City
- Bar Nt/ Tridentis RV/ Galaxy, Providence
- 9 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
- 10 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- Program Meeting/ BigMau/ Washington, DC
- Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
- 11 ■ Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston
- 13-15 ■ Annual Run/ Cai Eagle/ San Francisco
- 5th Anniv/ Hartford Cots/ Hartford, CT
- Lock-Up/ NLA, Arkansas/ Little Rock
- 1st Anniv/ Silver Dolphins/ L.A./ Corpus Christi
- Leathermeeting on Tour/ MS Panther/ Cologne, Germany
- 14 ■ 15th Anniv/ Party/ Conquistadors MC/ Orlando
- Miami Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
- Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks
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- 21 ■ MR NETHERLANDS DRUMMER/ Amsterdam
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- 22 ■ Summer Night Party/ SLM/ Copenhagen
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- 23 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- 24 ■ Demo & Social/ VASMI G&L Centre, Vancouver
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- 25 ■ Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
- Midweek Party/ SLM/ Oslo
- 27 ■ SF Leather Daddy Cont/ SF Eagle/ AEF
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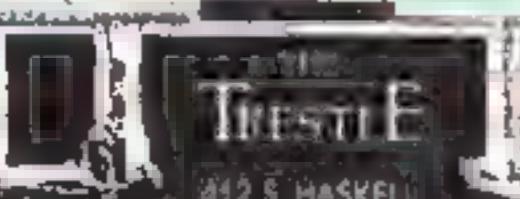
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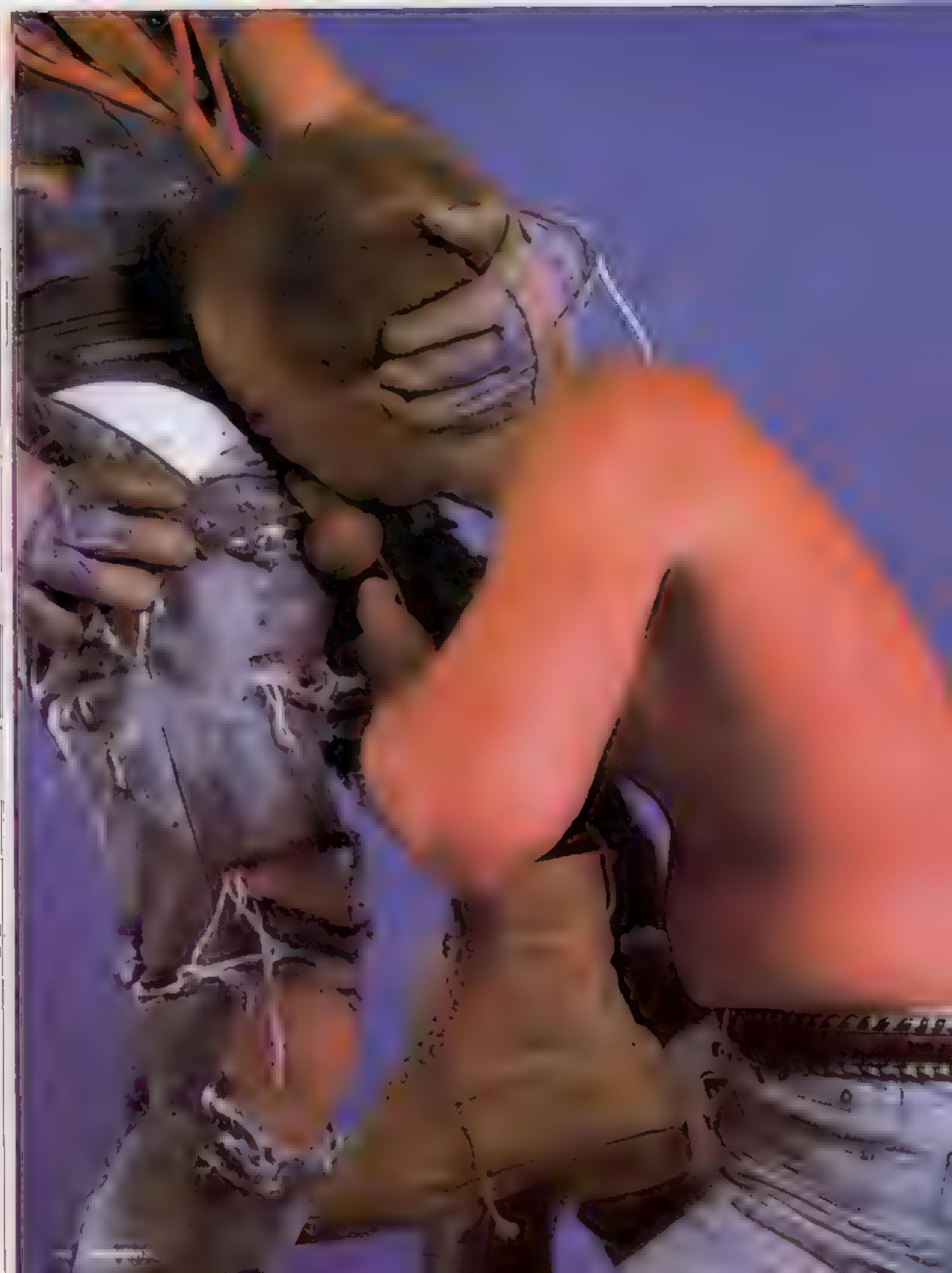
Mr East Canada Drummer











IT'S CONTEST TIME

As many of you know, people the world over are gearing up to mount yet another series of leather contests. The hope is to find a fresh crop of representatives with those rare combinations of style, looks, knowledge, experience, intelligence and diplomatic savvy that we seem to prefer.

As of this printing, I will have made 26 visits to other cities for various appearances (52 so far) and participated in more contests than any sane person would ever want to see. Usually, promoters want me to serve as a judge or an advisor or both. In this way, I have had the chance to observe hundreds of guys competing for leather titles.

When the gods favor us, we get lucky, and the best man for the job wins. The big problem is that lots of well-qualified guys don't win or sometimes even don't place because although they could do a great job with the title, they just don't know how to compete in these contests. Sad but true, winning takes one set of skills, and doing a great job with the title takes another, rather different set of skills.

I have heard it said more than once, "He didn't win, everybody else lost." This must stop. We can not afford NOT to have the very best community leadership and representation possible. There is just too much at stake for us in the '90s what with the epidemic on one hand and the Christian fascists on the other.

What follows is mostly directed at contestants, judges contest promoters, contestant sponsors and contest watchers. Or, you, yourself, may have tried your hand at contests before and are considering another go at it. It may also happen that you have a friend you want to encourage in which case, I hope you will pass this along.

My remarks have mostly to do with how contestants present themselves, because, after all, that is all the judges have to go on. Contestants, please understand that your presentation of yourself in a contest may be different from how you present yourself in other situations. And, when it comes down to it, it is how you present yourself at the contest that matters if you intend to win. I am not asking you to like that this is true, but it's a good idea to understand the principle.

So, let's talk contest. How to win? How to win?

One useful way to look at competition is to think about what the judges are looking for. If you intend to win, you must convince the judges that you deserve their highest scores in all categories, and you must do it quickly and smoothly.

Winners are selected by judges, not by audiences. From a judging point of view, the audience reaction is only important to the judges in



AND WE NEED WINNERS!

By Guy Baldwin

that they want to learn whether a contestant understands how to "fly" in front of an audience or not.

Judges want the guy who comes closest to being the perfect choice. Ideally, they want the winner to be very strong in these categories: body; intellect; broad knowledge of the leather/S/M/fetish scene; attractive; friendly and outgoing; self-confident; social skills; sense of humor; public speaking; politically astute; tasteful; sex energy; good heart; and spiritually complete.

Unfortunately, judges rarely have time to examine contestants on much more than body, brains, leather knowledge, public speaking, self-confidence, and social skills. At contests where pre-judging is not allowed, judges have even less to base their decisions on.

This "Mr. Perfect" never turns up because he doesn't exist and the judges know it. This means that judges must try to balance a contestant's strengths against his weaknesses. This is not a science, it is a difficult art. The contestant's job is to make it easy for the judges to choose him.

Let's talk specifics.

ABOUT YOUR BODY: The judges want a winner the community can relate to physically from the neck down. Usually, this means some muscle definition, but it can mean simple presentability. Most guys could look much better than they do simply by doing what their Mothers told them to do: "STAND UP STRAIGHT, AND DON'T SLUMP YOUR SHOULDERS!"

Nevertheless, it remains true that the better shape you are in, the better your chances are, in the "skin" categories. A good body won't hurt your chances unless you use it as a weapon against the audience. People (judges are people) are turned off by an ego maniac who is clearly in love with himself. The "I'm hot and you're not" attitude is a ticket to last place. Except for the occasional fluke, muscles will no longer make up for bad attitude, no smarts, no social skills, etc.

Since there is no one who is universally attractive, the judges tend to cut contestants more slack than you might imagine from the neck up; many titleholders are rather average looking when you come right down to it.

In general, your body can be out of shape and you can still "place" in a contest, but it's tough to win unless your body has been tortured into

something resembling perfection by today's standards of physical beauty. If you're out of shape, you CAN win if no other contestants look better and YOU have the other bases covered.

* Remember this: many audiences have been shocked when winners were announced and best body or prettiest face didn't (usually) win. Often, the muscled beauties blew it in the interview or had some other deficiency that outweighed their looks.

In a sense, our bodies are the easiest thing about us to change in terms of preparations to win. It is much easier for most people to gain or lose 20 pounds than it is to overcome shyness or to learn how to be friendly or give a speech. In short, be in the best shape you can be, but whatever shape you are in, wear your body with pride.

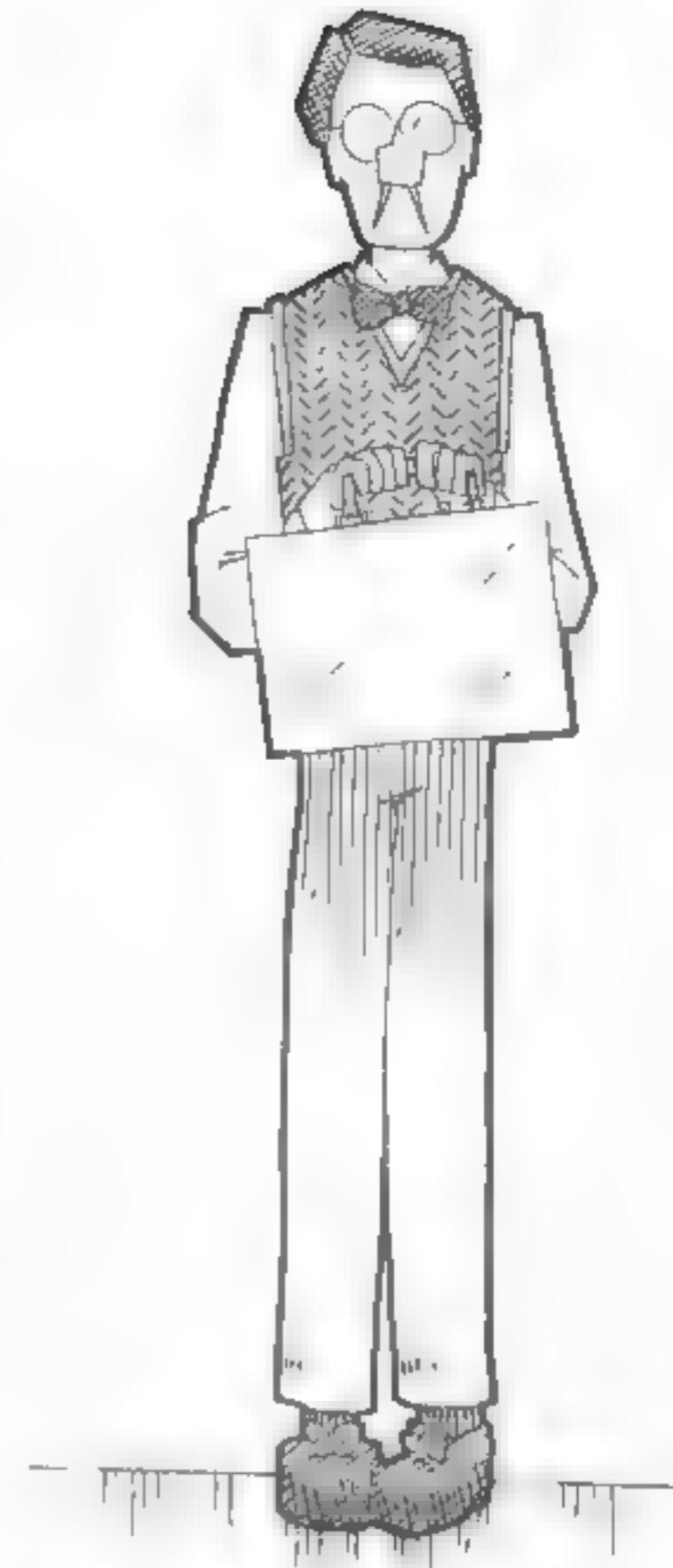
ABOUT MOVEMENT: Having an interesting body will not help you if you don't know how to move in it—how to wear it—how to use it to create a powerful effect on the people who will watch it. The judges know that titleholders use their bodies and appearance to get people's attention. Like it or not, audiences won't listen to you unless you can get and hold their attention. Your body is a tool; the judges want to see if you understand this fact and how to use it as a means to accomplish change and for leadership in the community.

The judges want you to look and move in a masculine way, whatever that means. Yet, they don't want you to be a caricature—like a Bluto or some stiff Macho Man. Or, they may penalize you for behavior that is too delicate or feminine for most men's taste. It doesn't mean that you aren't a man—it means you aren't THEIR man.

You will not help yourself if the judges see that you are afraid of the audience or self-conscious in front of people. When you are on stage, try not to run from "the spotlight;" fill it and bloom.

It can be very useful to spend some time pretending to be on a stage because that is where you will compete. Some guys set up bright lights to stare at and to smile into 'cause that gives them practice at being blind in front of an audience while pretending to be able see.

You are on a stage to be seen, not to see for yourself. Most guys go out on stage, wince into the spot lights, discover that they can't see a damned thing, suddenly start feeling like a bug under a microscope, look disappointed, and then find their way off stage. I call this the "Startled Deer" approach to winning, but it doesn't work. The judges



If you're thinking of running for Mr. Drummer, do it, sign up soon. Otherwise, this guy is going to walk away with the title, unopposed. (Cartoon by Martin of Vancouver, originally drawn for the Mr. BC Drummer 1990 contest.)

want someone who knows how to appear before an audience and look at ease whether he is or not.

BEING NEARLY NUDE: At some point during competition, you will be wearing less in front of more people than perhaps at any other time in your life. Shyness will hurt you here. It may help you to think of your body as a gift that you have chosen to share in a limited way with many people for a few seconds—be generous, but not vulgar. Remember, a contest is not a porno movie—no one is expecting to see your asshole or watch you bump and grind. If your contest has a "fantasy" segment, that might be the place to get bold with your sexual tastes. Otherwise, the judges want someone who is hot but leaves us curious.

If you can, get tapes of contests and notice what you like and don't like about how each of the contestants handles himself on stage. Then, do your thing in front of a mirror or, better yet, video tape and study yourself critically. Watch how you move. Do you look comfortable? Excited? Confident?

Happy? How do you hold your body? Do you move in an interesting way? Make the changes you think are indicated, and try it again and so forth until you are satisfied with how you look TO YOURSELF. The acid test is, "Would I give myself top scores if I were judging this show?" Until your answer is YES, you are not yet ready to win.

CAN WE TALK?

Now I want to discuss the issues that have to do with what comes out of your brain and through your mouth when you speak, because no matter how good you may look, these days it is very hard to place bet alone when what you have to say doesn't work and is not well thought out.

Since most leather guys don't usually go around talking about the leather lifestyle and the issues related to our sexualities, there is little chance to get practice at this. So, if you want to win, you must give yourself practice doing just that. The name of the winning game is: Preparation and Preparation. If you don't prepare to win, you very likely won't. There are several correct ways to do this. Here is one that works well for most people:

The first part of preparation is to have something meaningful to say during and after the competition in the first place. Spend some time thinking about the leather community and form some opinions about it and where you would like to see it go. As

part of this, think about what you are troubled by in the leather world and what you love about it. This kind of preparation is sometimes best done with pen and paper which usually helps keep your thoughts organized and sensible.

The next step is to outline some possible solutions to the problems you have identified. Again, use pen and paper if that will help you, and it usually does. Once you have done this, and this is VERY important, turn what you have written about problems and solutions into a series of written questions.

Put these questions on separate cards. Practice by reading your cards and answering out loud. I suggest you talk out loud to yourself often about these ideas because that gets you familiar with hearing yourself talk about these issues, and gives you practice at thinking "on your feet" about your subject. After you have done this in private, ask a friend to mix up the questions and quiz you as if he were a judge.

At first, he should only ask the questions that you have written down and already practiced with; later, you will invite him to ask you other questions that might occur to him as you go along. When you have done this enough to feel comfortable, invite a small group of friends (5-8) over to help you prepare for the contest. Explain to them what you

are doing, and distribute your cards to them and get them to ask you your questions.

Concentrate on keeping your answers to at least two sentences, but no more than five ever. The trick is to be short and complete in your answers. The less time you take to answer your questions from the judges, the more questions they will have a chance to ask you. This means that judges will get a more rounded picture of you. Humor helps too if you already know how to use it well.

Judges will be expecting you to be able to think on your feet because they know that many strangers both in and outside the leather scene approach titleholders to ask about the lifestyle. Judges want you to be able to rise to this challenge. If you don't prove to them that you can do this, they will have a difficult time choosing you as the winner.

ABOUT JUDGING: In most contests, you are judged on what you have to say two times officially (usually) and one or more times un-officially (usually). Let me explain.

At most contests, there is "social" contact between the judges and the contestants. This is either organized in some kind of a "judges meet the contestants" situation like a cocktail party, or judges bump into contestants in the course of getting ready for the contest.

Contestants, don't kid yourselves. Most competent judges will notice how you handle yourself both on and off the stage. Pay attention to how you speak to judges in any situation as well as what you have to say. I am not suggesting that you lobby the judges as to your suitability for the title, but this is when the judges get a feel for your ability to socialize.

These are not good times to let them see you drunk, angry, super scared, shy, seductive, catty or whatever have you. And yes, more and more, judges watch you speak with others and make mental notes. These are the subtle points that don't show up on the score sheets in any category, but they can sometimes count plenty. These are the "unofficial" opportunities the judges have to judge contestants.

Officially, contests are usually arranged to provide the judges a chance to ask questions of the contestants privately at some point, often earlier on the day of the contest. This is called PREJUDGING. Each contestant is brought before the panel of judges, and they are allowed to ask any question they wish. This process rarely lasts more than 7-10 minutes for each contestant, so you don't have a lot of time to put yourself across to the judges.

For the judges who didn't get a chance to meet you earlier, this may be their very first impression of you. First, they look at what you wear and how you carry yourself. Smile when appropriate, and at some point during the pre-judging, look each one of the judges straight in the eye and hold their gaze for a moment as though you were speaking directly to that judge.

Your appearance should make it clear that you are a leather/kinky person, but not be too far out. Most judges want to choose someone who the mainstream community can relate to and not be turned off by. You will have to decide how to express your individuality visually, yet keep your connection to the mainstream—that is always the



challenge of choosing what to wear during all judging. I suggest that you avoid Las Vegas type get-ups—they may distract the judges from listening to what you have to say. I also suggest you wear only your own stuff (some contests require this) because that's what you will be most comfortable in.

At many contests, judges get to look at your application in advance of prejudging, and they may select questions from your own application—think of this when you fill it out. Sometimes judges ask questions about something you are wearing and what it means to you. You may be asked about how you came to be a leatherman, how you have been of service to the leather community, how you came to the decision to enter the contest. These days, there are often political questions, questions about AIDS policy, women in leather, our relationship to the non-leather communities and so on. If you want to win, Prepare!

Another chance judges will use to find out how you think and speak is when you give your speech. The trend is to place a time limit on speeches, usually not more than three minutes (IML: 90 seconds). Contestants are allowed to speak about anything they wish, as a rule.

Although notes may be used, I don't suggest them because they will break your connection with the audience, and you will probably ruin your chances if that happens. Judges know that titleholders get asked to speak with only a moment's warning, or often with no warning at all. Usually, judges will feel better about selecting you as the winner if you show them how comfortable you look speaking without notes.

This means that you either make your speech "off the cuff," or you memorize something almost word for word, or you can memorize a short list of ideas you want to include and then make it (your speech) up as you go along. I have seen various titleholders use any of these methods equally well, but whatever you choose, it will usually have to be delivered "blind" because you will probably be staring into a spotlight when you speak. I suggest that you smile when appropriate, and look into the spot light as if you could see your audience perfectly. Practicing this at home is easy, just shine a bright light in your face, stand, and deliver!

These days, in certain contests, questions are sometimes written out in advance and the contestants are expected to answer them live, on stage with maybe 10 to 15 seconds to think about the answer. From my point of view, this is the most tricky situation for contestants to face because rehearsal and preparation for this is next to impossible. I have seen more contestants crash and burn here than almost any other way.

If the question happens to be one that you have prepared for, then there is not usually too much trouble. If you can turn one of your prepared answers into the answer to the surprise question, then that can usually work out well also, but be sure to answer the question that has been asked.

The danger comes when the question is funny but empty or irrelevant. For example, "What well known man is your idea of what SEXY is all about?" is the kind of a question that can destroy a con-



testant. This was an actual question in a real contest that hurt an otherwise strong contestant.

Other kinds of trouble questions are those that ask too broad a question. The contestant is asked to condense too much information into a short answer and often ends up fumbling around with too much data in his head to organize quickly into a good answer. "Tell the audience what 'Leather' means to you" is a typical example. You might as well be asked to describe the universe and give three examples.

My only advice on how to answer a silly or empty question is to think about it long enough to turn it into a meaningful question with how you answer it. In the above example, you might say something like: "Lots of different things can be sexy to me; sometimes it is looks—Mel Gibson comes to mind. But sometimes it is bravery, and then I think of Nelson Mandella. Or perhaps it might be better to think in terms of wit and charm and then I think of Michael Pereyra (unless he is judging that night). I would want a sexy man to embody all these traits. Sexiness is so much more than appearance." is an answer that might work in this situation.

When the question is just too broad to cope with, try to pick the part of the answer that is most meaningful to you and speak about that. Again, in the above example, "Well, there are too many things to mention right now, but the part that means the most to me has to do with the way that leather is a bold statement about the willingness we have to be different and not to apologize about a part of us that is controversial but central to our lives. It means we are unwilling to live in fear even though that means taking a risk." Judges would respect such an answer.

The third kind of tricky question asks you to take a position on an issue where the mainstream leather community itself is about equally divided. Usually you can tell when one of these has been asked because you feel a sinking feeling in your gut—it's almost a sure sign that you must beware.

For example, "Do you think there should be a dress code in our bars?" My feeling is that it is best NOT to take a position in these controversial questions because that risks alienating those in the audience who take the other position, and you may hear them BOO—not good for your confidence, and makes judges nervous. It is, I think, best to discuss briefly both sides of the issue and say, "Yes, this is a problem, and I don't know the answer." You will be respected as a diplomat with such an answer.

My point in spelling all this out is to stress the need to have your wits about you all during competition. The advantage of serious preparation you want to win is that once you have done so, you can face the judges and the other competitors with much more confidence than you would otherwise have. It will show. If you want the job you will have to work for it, and prove to the judges that you want it. Realize these judges are expecting more and more from contestants, because they know that titleholders have more responsibility than at another time in the history of our lifestyle.

Lastly, remember to have fun with all this, otherwise all the effort will never be worth it at all.

Guy Baldwin is the current International Master Leather. These remarks are excerpts from his forthcoming Leather Contest Handbook. A Guide for Contestants, Promoters, Judges and Titleholders.

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



Mr. Drummer 1990-91

The Search Begins

This year's progress towards the Mr Drummer finals in September in bigger and better than ever before. Regional contests are being scheduled all over the world. The line up as of the end of March is

NORTH AMERICA:

Mr. New England Drummer, Aug. 19
Boston, sponsored by Riders MC

Mr. Northeast Drummer, June 23
New York City, sponsored by Shaltway Productions

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer
Washington, sponsorship open

Mr. Southeast Drummer, June 17
Atlanta, sponsored by the Eagle

Mr. Florida Drummer, May 20
Orlando, sponsored by Parliament House

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer
Chicago, sponsored by Back Door Productions

Mr. Great Plains Drummer, May 5
St Louis, sponsored by Drum Productions

Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer, July 28
Dallas, sponsored by Shades Of Grey

Mr. Southwest Drummer, Ron Brewer
Phoenix, sponsored by J & S Productions

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer
Denver, sponsored by Galerie Leon

Mr. Southern California Drummer, June 23
Los Angeles, sponsored by Michael Pereyra and the Pleasure Chest

Mr. Northern California Drummer, April 28
San Francisco, sponsored by Dungeon Fantasies Productions

Mr. Northwest Drummer, July 28
Portland, sponsored by ORGASM

Mr. East Canada Drummer, June 23
Montreal, sponsored by MC Falcon

Mr. Ontario Drummer
Toronto, sponsored by The Tool Box

SOUTH PACIFIC:

Mr. Australia Drummer, May 19 & 20
Canberra, sponsored by Jayar Leather

Mr. New Zealand Drummer, June 2
Auckland, sponsored by Marathon Films, OUT magazine & Alfie's

EUROPE:

Mr. Germany Drummer, April 15
Berlin, sponsored by Marathon Films and Connection Berlin Bar

Mr. Netherlands Drummer, July 21
Amsterdam, sponsored by Marathon Films

Mr. United Kingdom Drummer
London, sponsored by Marathon Films and HIM magazine

Several preliminary competitions have already been held in Australia and California and many more are scheduled elsewhere. See the Leather Calendar for dates on these.

The Mr. Drummer Final will again be one of the major events of San Francisco's Leather Pride Week, this year extending over two nights. On Friday September 21 the Mr. Drummer Regional winners will be presented to the audience for their leather image competition and several surprise entertainments are being planned as well as a Leather Pride dance. On Saturday Sept. 22 the contestants will present their fantasy skits and participate in the jock strap competition. Lynn Lavner, one of the biggest little leather dykes in existence, will co-mc the Saturday night show and will also entertain. Several other events will take place during leather week including one of Alan Selby's infamous Fetish and Fantasy parties (a benefit for

LYNN LAVNER
CO-EMCEEING THE
MR DRUMMER
FINALS



**1990 MR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER CONTEST
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL PEREYRA & THE PLEASURE CHEST
TO BENEFIT AID FOR AIDS**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZEUS

**8:00 PM SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD, CIRCUS DISCO COMPLEX
6655 SANTA MONICA BLVD (BEHIND ARENA) BLDG #6659
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA**

the AIDS Emergency Fund) on Thursday night and the Folsom Street Fair on Sunday

This year the Mr. Drummer Finals VIP package includes a pre-contest party on Friday, admission to the Friday contest and dance; reserved table seating at the Saturday night contest and show; a Mr. Drummer T-shirt and a Mr. Drummer belt buckle; a three month subscription to Drummer and three insertions of a 50-word personal ad in Drummer. Valued at well over \$125, this package is priced at only \$90. Last year the VIP packages sold out fast so get your reservations in early!

General admission to the Contest and Dance on Friday is \$15 in advance and \$20 at the door. General admission to the Contest and show on Saturday is \$25 in advance and \$30 at the door. Tickets at the door will, of course, be subject to availability.

To order tickets or for further information contact Desmodus Inc. (PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101, 415 252-1185). Contact Ineka at Orion Travel for special rates at the host hotel and for special discounts on air travel from anywhere (563 Castro St, SF CA 94114, 800 552-3326 or 415 864-3233 within California).

International Mr. Leather 1990

Don't miss one of THE leather events of the year. Be in Chicago May 26-28 for this year's IML. See their ad on page 87 for details.

REGIONAL MR DRUMMER NEWS

Northern California

Regional Contests have already been held in San Francisco, San Jose and Sacramento. The winner and first runner up from each of these three areas will come together on April 28 at Club Townsend to select a regional winner.

Southwest

The Mr. Southwest Drummer contest was held on March 17 at the Bum Steer in Phoenix. Ron Brewer won the judges favor to represent the Southwest in the finals. We hear his fantasy as a Civil war soldier stripped of his rank and subsequently "dallied" by his Colonel was very HOT! We should have photos to show you next month.

Germany

The first Mr. Germany Drummer (Herr Deutschland Drummer) contest will be held on Easter Sunday April 15, in Berlin. Terry LeGrand and Roger Earl of Marathon Video are going over to coordinate events with the various German hosts and Steve Patten, the reigning Mr. Northern California Drummer, will be one of the judges. Easter weekend is the time of MSC Berlin's annual run, a major event on Europe's leather circuit, and the city, which is full of hot leather men all the time, will be packed with men with leather and motorcycles. THE place to be for Easter.

Australia

Several preliminary heats have already been held down under in the search for Mr. Australia Drummer. The regional finals will be in Canberra on May 19. Brian Dawson, the current Mr. Drummer will be on hand for the first ever Mr. Australia Drummer contest, as will Tony DeBose and Andy Charles from Drummer magazine.

Los Angeles

The Mr. Southern California Drummer contest on

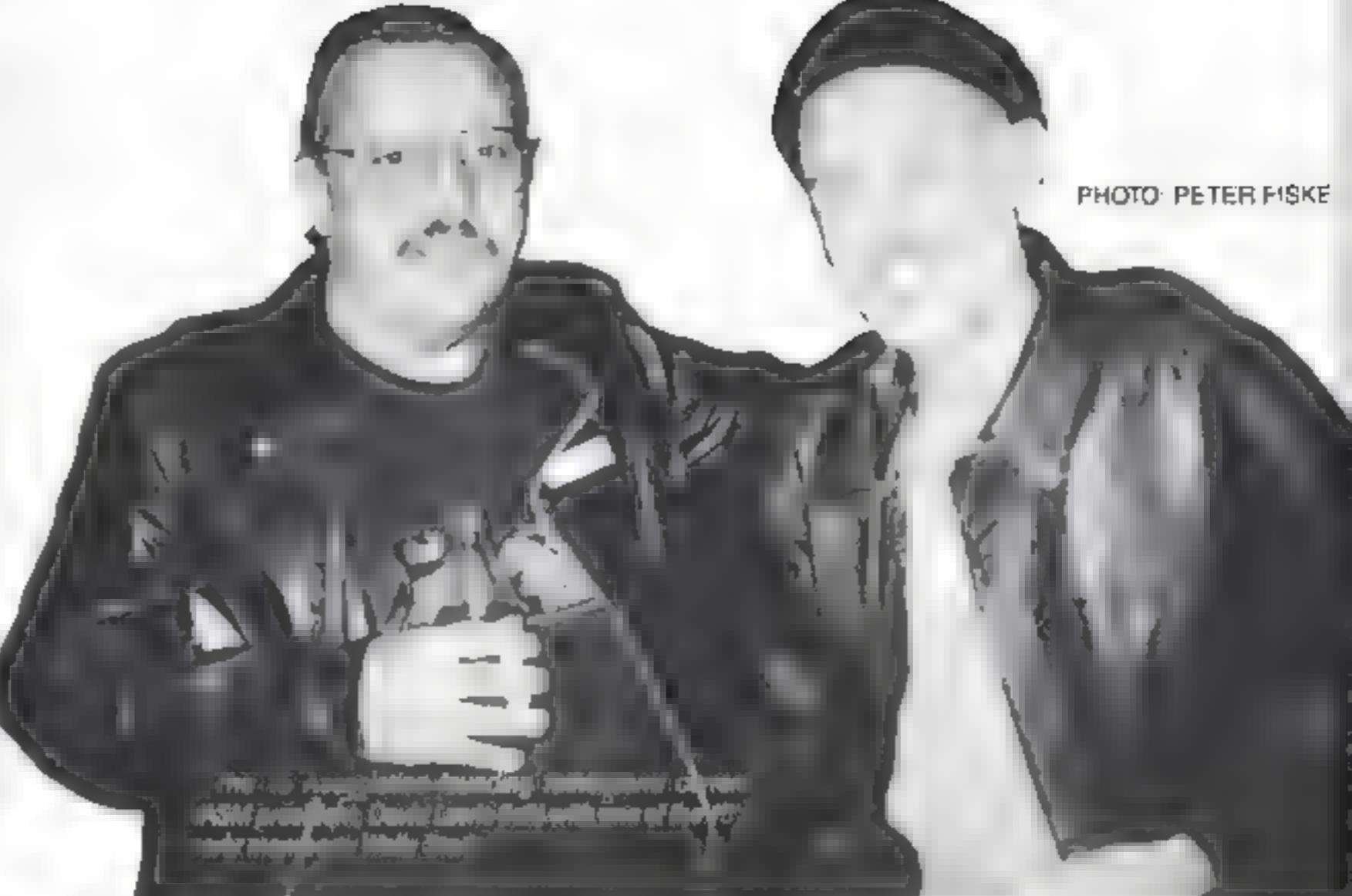


PHOTO: PETER FISKE

The 15 Association

President's weekend in San Francisco saw the 10th Anniversary of The 15 Association, the oldest male SM club in the West. The Anniver-

sary dinner at the Gaileon on February 16 was attended by 47 men and women. Cocktails were by VASM of Vancouver and after dinner drinks courtesy of Chicago Hellfire Club. More than



Saturday June 23 is just one event in a major weekend of activities being coordinated by a group of leather leaders who have organized as the LA Leather Committee to help coordinate and facilitate a series of

leather events

Their current focus on Gay Pride weekend June 22 through 24. Some of the events planned are: "The Wall," a by-invitation-only leather party on Friday evening for about 1000. It is co-sponsored by Terry LeGrand and Roger Earl of Marathon Films and Mr. Drummer 1989-90, Brian Dawson.

Saturday night features the Mr. Southern California Drummer contest co-sponsored by Michael Pereyra International Mr. Leather 1988, and The Pleasure Chest of LA. More Mr. Southern California Drummers have gone on to win the Mr. Drummer finals than from any other region, making this a contest not to be missed! See their poster in these pages for details. Proceeds from both The Wall and the Mr. S Calif Drummer contest will benefit Los Angeles' Aid for Aids organization.

On Sunday the Los Angeles chapter of the National Leather Association is organizing a contingent of at least 1000 leather men and women to march in the Gay & Lesbian Pride Parade. The whole weekend should be a great event for Leather!

Members of the LA Leather Committee are: Brad Anderson, Gabriele Antolovich, Guy Baldwin, Mika Bates, Race Bannon, Brian Bogish, Mark Bowers, Andrew Charles, Ray Chavez, Brian Dawson, Tony DeBlase, Roger Earl, Bob Farrell, Jim Hawkins, Terry LeGrand, Wes Lockwood, Jeffrey Lyseaght, Bob McLeod, Jamie Nadell, Michael Pereyra, David Rhodes, David Taber, Larry Townsend, and Tom Weitzel.

Vancouver

A correction: The Mr. BC Drummer contest will be held on June 30 1990 in Vancouver. The date we previously, erroneously published for this contest was July 27 which is the date of the Mr. Northwest Drummer contest in Portland, Oregon. Since the winner of Mr. BC will compete in the Mr. NW it would be difficult for them to occur on the same date! It's an oops!



John and Don again entertained the Mr. Mid-Atlantic leather audience with a hot SM scene, this year involving floating suspension and a lot of hot wax.

100 men attended the play party on February 17, and ten of the guests had their fantasies fulfilled as a part of the entertainment. On Sunday the 18th there was a buffet and more play. Guests came from Germany, England, Australia, Canada and many parts of the US to help the members of the 15 Association celebrate.

— Peter Fiske

MR. MID-ATLANTIC LEATHER

In six short years the Mid-Atlantic Leather Contest has achieved the status and recognition associated with IML in Chicago and Mr. Drummer in San Francisco. Perfect timing, food fit for a king, and 36 gracious hosts putting 1000 guests at ease, add up to the Centaurs MC flawless Leather Weekend. For the past five years I have attended Leather Weekend and return home wondering how can they top this? Amazingly each year the feat is accomplished. This year a stunning 450 pound block of ice was sculpted into a Centaur for the centerpiece of a food laden table. All the stops were pulled out in celebration of the 20th anniversary of the Centaur MC.

Although the highlight of the weekend was the selection of Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1990, the camaraderie, brotherhood and love of so many leathermen and women placed a high second. Sixteen hot leather men competed for the title. Ten men were selected as semifinalists. An impressive array of judges, including three International Mr. Leather winners, did not have an easy job of selecting the winner. Judges were Guy Baldwin, IML 89; Mike Pereyra, IML 88; Patrick Toner, IML 85; John Scancarella, Mr. NE Drummer 88, Ernst Hellriegel, Mr. Philadelphia

Leather 84, Alan Seiby of Mr. S Leathers in San Francisco; Vern Stewart, and outgoing Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 89, Dan Noel. Second runner up honors went to Glen Corsini of McLean, VA, and the 1st runner up was Denny Jernigan of Washington DC. The Title of Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1990 went to Spike Lewis of Washington DC. The tall Texan hails originally from Cut and Shoot, Texas (it does exist) and will compete in Chicago in May.

For the novice interested in attending a leather contest as well as the experienced leatherman, Washington DC will be the place to be January 11–13, 1991. The Centaur MC truly know how to run a contest. Special thank you to John Rocco, President, Al Santora, Contest Chairman, Gary Floyd, John Bonage, John Halford, Jon Jon Imber, Lauger Valentin, Tracks Bar and the DC Eagle. More importantly the real thank you and acknowledgement go to all the unnamed members of the Centaur MC without their hard work, love and togetherness, this would be just another contest.

In order to prepare yourself for leather weekend next year and have a weekend of fun, plan on attending the Centaur 20th Anniversary run (Olympia XI) Aug 31–Sept 3. Run Chairman Hugh Gage promises a good time will be had by all! Congratulations on your 20th year — we look forward to 20 more.

— Vern Stewart

Beyond Vanilla IV

May is the month to explore the sexual frontier in "Beyond Vanilla IV," a series of four one-hour presentations at Dallas' Metropolitan Community Church. Men and women are invited to attend the Thursday evening sessions, begin-

ning at 7 pm May 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st at 2701 Regan St

Beyond Vanilla encourages experimentation beyond traditional sexual activities. Safe, sane, and consensual sex is the only rule. Programs in the past have included panel discussions, demonstrations, and a presentation by International Mr. Leather Guy Baldwin. A detailed schedule of speakers and topics will appear in April. For a copy of the schedule, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Beyond Vanilla IV, PO Box 64405, Dallas, TX 75206.

Meeting for SM Lesbians in Germany

The waiting has come to an end: we are coming now, we hope you too... Together we'll pull our gloomy instincts to the light of the darkroom.

WHO: Tops and bottoms, sadists and masochists, dominatrices and slaves, mistresses, maids and the other fetishists of the scene. Also welcome novices. **WHERE:** Dortmund, West Germany. **WHAT FOR:** For celebrating and fucking against the vanilla-sex-frustration. **WHEN:** May 11–13, 1990. **HOW:** With your help, all this will happen: readings, strips, video shows, workshops, performances, discussions, a leather shop, etc. **WHAT ELSE:** Action at evening. A night with music, dancing and show plus slave-market.

We wait for your offers, tips and bookings for the meeting and the program, because it will not work without YOU! Contact: A. Venhaus, Zimmerstr. 25, 4600 Dortmund 1, West Germany. Phone: 0231/ 81 78 94.

Leather and Health: Building Stronger Networks

At the national convention of the National Lesbian and Gay Health Foundation (NLGHF), one attraction will be the Leather Institute. This is a one-day meeting and workshop for members of both the health care and leather/SM communities. The Institute will be held on July 18, 1990, at the Hilton Hotel in Washington, DC. Speakers include Pat Califia, Barry Douglas, and Shannon Kennedy.

The morning section of the Institute will be devoted to strengthening networks within our diverse community. In the afternoon, panels will cover specific aspects of several topics that are relevant to SM. These topics include legal issues, psychotherapy and the SM relationship, censorship and the media, "coming out" in the workplace, health and safety, and others.

Why a Leather Institute in association with a health conference? NLGHF recognizes that the leather-S/M community is a unique minority with special needs. We support the efforts of this community to strengthen itself and to improve its access to quality health care.

Registration fee for the Leather Institute is \$20. For more information or for registration materials, please contact: Michael Weeks, NLGHF, PO Box 65472, Washington DC 20035. 202 797-3708.

THE DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD IN DEAR SIR:

READ THIS!

We accept ads, and changes to ads, only in writing. Sorry, we cannot do this over the phone. Submit ads on the form on the facing page or a copy of it. If you can't bear to cut up your issue of Drummer and can't make photocopies, send us a note and we'll mail you copies of the form.

Box Numbers:

\$5.00 buys you a Drummer mail box for the life of your ad. Even after your ad expires, we will continue to forward replies forever—as long as we keep getting letters.

Give us a name. We cannot forward mail to someone named "Boxholder" at a P.O. Box—the Post Office won't do it.

If your address changes, let us know. Include your box number with your new address, so you'll continue to receive replies.

Phone Numbers:

You can put your phone number in your ad for immediate response. WE WILL ONLY PUBLISH VERIFIED PHONE NUMBERS. Here's how to put your phone number in your ad:

Mail in your ad. (Don't forget to include the \$2.00 phone verification charge.) About two weeks after you mail the ad to us, you call us at (415) 252-1195, during business hours (9:00 am—5:00 pm Pacific Time, Mon-Fri). Be at the phone number you are placing in your ad. We will call you back to verify the number. If we have not verified your number within three months, we will publish the ad with a box number instead of a phone number.

You only need to verify a number once. Once it has appeared in print in Drummer just attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad if you wish to use that telephone number again. We will not publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Don't forget to include your area code.

What else?

Put anything you want in your ad, except: references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs.

Expect about a 60-day delay from the time we receive your ad to when it appears in print. Remember, it takes time for people to respond, too. So if you're looking for Christmas presents, it would be smart to send us the ad 90 or 120 days before Christmas. Also remember replies by international mail may take longer than domestic mail.

HOW TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR AD:

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else: 1.) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2.) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish to letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3.) Put proper postage on the envelope—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. 4.) Put the sealed letter(s) and a buck (\$1.00) forwarding fee for each letter in another envelope and mail it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.



JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY!

Membership has its privileges—a 12-issue subscription to Drummer and a free 10-line classified ad (as measured on the grid order form) in Drummer that runs for 12 issues. Leather Fraternity members also do not pay for a box number or pay forwarding fees when they write to Dear Sir box numbers. Members may change their ads up to three times (non-members may not). A Leather Fraternity box number for your ad is included in the \$120 membership fee. And, from time to time, Leather Fraternity members are offered other benefits.

Add it up: A Drummer subscription costs \$70. A 10-line personal ad running 12 times would cost \$354.60. No mail forwarding fee? No box fee? So, even if you never use the forwarding service, you're already saving at least \$328.00. Do it.

Just use the grid order form in this magazine. Your subscription will begin with the next issue we ship, and your ad will begin usually two issues after that (there is always a 60-day delay from the time we receive an ad, or a change to an ad, and when it appears in print.)

NATIONWIDE

TOP SEEKS TOP

Looking for sexual spiritual intellectual match. Black man, 5-11, 185, muscular build, pierced tits on big pens. HIV negative. Wants partner for mutual trust and respect, intense bondage, manhood rituals. Not into Master Slave games. Serious, solid, stable. Photo and phone if possible. Box 7477LF

BLACK LEATHER SEX

Dominate me in your tall boots, gloves, chaps/pants harness, MC jacket, etc. the look, smell, feel, taste of black leather on a topman makes me rock hard. WM 5-10, 160+, brown hair, hazel eyes, 35 yrs. Mustache non-smoker no drugs, no pain. Have Harley will travel. Box 7686LF

SM REALITY

Dominant scene Sadoi wanted by hot masochist for control of mind and body. No fantasy. M 5-10, muscular, 170, brown beard and exceptional pain level. Into bondage, heavy torture or three-quarter inch protruding tits, bare ass and back floggings and other tortures desired by S. Based in NYC but travel frequently to Chicago and No. and So Calif. Also will travel USA for night. Topman. Send description of yourself and desires. 5444LF

ORIENTAL SON AVAILABLE

For tall masculine dominant Dommeister's pleasure on call or live in. Son is submissive smooth good looking 30-5-7, 130, HIV, mid-night SM, BD, TT, whips, leathers, collar chains living in San Francisco can travel. Call/caller phone photo to Tim Box 7528LF

TRAINING

Top WM, experienced, with specific drives: handgags, gun leather, physical control, SM, Nazi SS/SA, police, uniforms, tall black boots, being in command. I want to meet all serious-tail men for action. Secluded meetings together are possible after exploring our similar interests. Box 7423LF

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

WM 43, 5-9, 150, beard, pierced, seeks mature in-shape Blacks or dark-haired men into pain, torture via heavy 11-lb bar pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, shaving, all forms of rough, animalistic sex. Open to anything done safe. Satanic Sex preferred. Call or write Kari 836 Wheeler St. Woodstock IL 60098. 815-338-9137. 6500BLF

THERE IS A MORNING AFTER

serving serving belonging to 2 safe stable, secure, supportive sensuous strict dominant demanding 10-yr monogamous Masters (41-6-2, 165 & 58-5-10, 160+ in country home & 2-acre gardens 2 hrs from Balt. & DC, 3 hrs from Philly & 4 hrs NYC as their lifetime slave houseboy master want gardenboy slaveson & know you're owned appreciated manhandled & loved you are positive special committed humble deserving, aloof fun naked attractive firm sexy & at the snap of a finger do as you're told. Snap. Submit to Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville PA 17222. Now, boy. Let's touch. Box 5702LF

FUCK MY HAIRY PUSSY

Force me to my knees and wrap my cunt lips around your dick. Spread my legs and fuck my hairy pussy. David (714) 539-5551

GERMAN MILITARY MASTER

Looking for Big Dicks and/or older queens that can be submissive. Females & females are fine. MS, BD, WS, BP toys, rimming, potty seat, piercing. All replies with photos. KWS, 1710 Independence Parkway, Plano TX 75075

TORTURE - FEET

Want photos, mate, torture, execution-fantasies, especially hangings, beatings, boots, bare feet. Write for want list. Boxholder Box 8414, W B G, Dayton OH 45409

WORLDCLASS MUSCLEGOD

Handsome studly blond bodybuilder. Top rockin' o' pecs, huge pierced pussy, upper pulsating manhole enlarger encased in bulging cocopee. Tan shaved to perfection. My rippled vascular manhandler body deserves a mature well-positioned, financially successful, spiritually solid, hungry, fuckmouth, boorick, muscleslays pisspig to suck worshipjuice. Tough heavy-duty action! Letter, photo, photo required. 6835LF

TORTURE BUDDIES!

WM, 30s, lean, athletic, straight type, seeks same for date, sadistic fun! Want other manly young torture enthusiasts for playful but sizzling adventures, friendsh, tests of manhood and endurance, whipping and torturing each other's hard bodies without injury or lasting marks! Want regular guys, no sleaze, submission brutality. Box 7330LF

WANTED: MASTER, TOP OR?

Investor/partner/lover, at a well established city men's resort near Smoky Mtns. I am a bottom, WM, 42, 5' 8", hot ass, hairy. Into CBT, TT, Asplay, SM, leather sex in woods. Does 250 acres in the country interest you? Need genuine persons, to help run lodge and my Ass. Box 7862LF

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

GW, 50, hard-working, own business, cultivated, well-traveled, requires slave/houseboy to maintain his beautiful waterfront home in the Florida Keys and cater to his personal needs. Slave will be 18 to 24, boyish, smooth-bodied, medium stature, willing to endure harsh but fair discipline, bondage, permanent piercing, controlled celibacy and compulsory bodybuilding. Small or underdeveloped sexual endowment a plus. If your life is taking you nowhere and you want guidance, instruction and a fulfilling future, this could be the opening you seek. Permanent relocation with small monthly salary banked on your behalf. Suitable applicants will be invited to Florida at Master's expense for in-depth interview. Send personal biography, photo(s) (returnable) and phone number to Box 7711

AMBITIOUS TOP WANTED

Let me be your buddy, make me your cock slave. You: Masculine man, creative mind, defined body, demanding cock. Me: Honest hard working, deserving, 5-8, 145. Goal: Long term pleasure and growth investments and early retirement. Likes: Outdoors, working out, travel, rural living, long sessions. No cigarettes, FF. Write P.O. Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891 7737LF

THE LEATHER LINE

TALK LIVE WITH
HOT LEATHERMEN
24 HOURS DAILY!

CALL NOW!



1-900-999-0K-SM

Liam

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

AUSTRALIAN PIG

30, 5-8 1/2' 215, coming to SF and NYC, wants not filthy master for toilet training: scat, piss, bondage humiliation and total degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photos and letters appreciated and answered. Box 75 SLF

for Paris Island type boot camp and training. You will obey orders. D. is 26, 6-1 205, 34 w, 48 ch, 18 t/2 arms, got the balls to prove it. Nude photo and phone. Tightropes, PO Box 1283, San Rafael, CA 94901. Semper Fi.

PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5-10, 160 blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into SM, leather, safaricunch and lots more willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271 5352 New York

With god-like looks, huge cocks, super-hero nipples, torture skills, a right to pleasure that's what we are! If you are also (and into abuse, pain, and service,) send photo/phone. One-on-one or groupplay with both. Muscle Tops and mutual scenes encouraged. Michel Box 110, New York NY 10464 6984-F

Intelligent caring GWM 30, 6-1, 185 seeks young (18-28) handsome well-built boy to be my bondage slaveboy and companion. seek a boy to serve me and to submit to my discipline and leadership, but who will also be respected as a companion. Send photo, address, phone and letter. If accepted will receive ticket to my Washington, DC home. Box 6972LF

Unique, workout committed, pig slave. 6' 175, professional seeks well-rounded monogamous relationship with high caliber professional older, hard bodied, hirsute, dark, hung, versatile, leather

master. You, sir, receive a high caliber pig to share mutual expansion of limits in CBT, TT, VA, Piercing. Asswork Bondage & Discipline. Photo a plus. Box 7749LF

OLD FASHIONED SLAVE

Wanted: Cock sucking, ass-eating, pissdrinking masochist. HIV unimportant, looks, age, race unimportant. Just desire for good old fashioned sex and sadism. Must relocate to Bay Area. Phone, address, and qualifications to Box 7613LF

Offered by handsome top to two slender, healthy, athletic, muscular, attractive bottoms. Master is smart, mature, manly, with good body and huge uncut pole. Quiet family-style living in woodland environment. Limited travel. Bad habits unacceptable. If seriously committed and immediately available, call 214-593-2307. Box 7584LF

TOP SEEKS BB BOTTOM

Dominant top, 39, 5-10, 155 lbs, will provide discipline, room and board, etc. for bodybuilding training. Build your body and mind. Become that muscle pussy you need and want. GW PO Box 373, Manhattan KS 66502

27 YEAR OLD

White guy interested in tattoos, piercing, crew cuts wants to hear from others and see hot photos. Information on stretching the skin of my cul cock to make a foreskin, too. Post Office Box 196, Boston MA 02112 7118LF

SLAVE WITH EXPERIENCE

desired by 42 yr old W Master w/lover. If you know how to service a stocky, hairy, sadistic Master, then send letter, photo and phone now to Master Robert Box 26412 Dallas TX 75226. All letters answered, only one slave will be accepted. 7436LF

TRAVELING DADDY

GWM, 5-11, 175 lbs, goodlooking, healthy, intelligent, sensitive. Am supportive, professional and have an up personality. Looking for submissive son counterpart between 20-35 for friendship, companionship and mutual satisfaction. Novice welcome. Am into bondage, shaving, greek active. Am AIDS conscious, no booze, drugs, smokers. Photo phone to Box 7371LF

PACIFIC NW PISS BUDDY

Bearded, 33, brown/blue, pierced NL, Vancouver/Seattle area. Looking for safe mutual launch action with masculine mouthfucked or bearded buddies into tit play, piss, aroma, feet, indoors, outdoors, one-on-one or groups. Box 7265LF

HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tabooed weightlifter Box 3338LF

Rugged attractive mid-littereaged Whitemaster sane and safe, seeks trim masochist slaves under 45 for intense weekend SM workouts. No raunchy or overweight. Write detailed letter for application. Tom Box 28852 St Louis MO 63123 5750LF

DOG/PIG/SLAVE

Creates humiliating boot licking existence. Foot worship bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot Master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet, uniforms, rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and feet for your pleasure and amusement. 54 6 ft, 180 Box 7195LF DC

30 GWM, skin defined, goodlooking, seeks young bondage bottoms. Tight inescapable ropes restraints, belts, gagged, strained, stretched. Also spank, shave, 3-way, wax, TT. SAFE SEX only. Novices welcome. Sensitive tits and non-hairy a plus. Southwest Box 7261LF

SHOW ME YOUR PLACE

German, bearded, non-leather top man (44, 6-5, 218) will travel to U.S. June/July 1990. Interested in meeting bearded masochists/bottoms wanting to show their towns. Sex not obligatory. Also interested in meeting like-minded tops. Am into TT CBT dildos, whips, pain, but also culture, music, museums. Route: Tampa, Atlanta, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Utah, San Francisco, San Diego. Can reciprocate in Germany. Box 7740

ve got a big dick. So what! I'm into servicing you, and mutual titwork, ballbanging, and assplay. 6-2, 170, 37' light gym body, stash, hairy chest (sometimes) nice nipples (like having two extra dicks!) Flight attendant (travel nationwide, Canada and Europe). Photo gets same (promptly). Rick. Box 6704LF

WANTED, RAUNCHY PHOTOS

Hot and horny, very hairy man, wants photos of WS, FF, enemas, dildo play, leather uniforms, western wear, hard dicks. Your picture gets mine. Box 2432 Vancouver, BC, V6B 3W7

MIDWEST

Big-dicked WM, 36, 6' 180 into foot service, cock and ball work, BD, f/f, spanking and assplay. Looking for a willing bottom of other veritable tops for sale/give and take. St. Louis area and Midwest. Box 7734

30 year old Harley biker looking for a tough, wild cycle slut into heavy SM scene and Harley lifestyle. No cigars, sweat, beards, smells, leather, boots, beer, tattoos, dirt, dicks, spit and heavy SM mansex. Send letter and photo to PO Box 2456, New Westminster, BC, Canada V3L 5B6 (Canadian Postage Required.) 66 8LF

SHRI

Bootlicker begs to serve hot verbal leathermaster. WM slave, versatile, 42, 5-8, 135 lbs, masculine, muscular nice body digs humiliation obedience

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

training, BD, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, serving, servicing Master. This cocksucker needs your control, use and abuse, Sir! Also other slaves to fulfill mutual fantasies. Can travel. Sate. Box 7493LF

SIR, TAKE TOTAL CONTROL

Please Sir, this 35, GWM 5-10 HV-, hairy slave, semi-experienced in CBTT, BD, piercing, Wax worshipping, catheters, shaving, electrotorture, rimming, WS, etc. Only limit is no permanent damage. Sir, I'm only fulfilled in body, mind and spirit when serving my any age, race Master/Dad completely. Box 7054LF

SHIRTS OFF -- FISTS UP

Interested in forming group of South Bay fight fanatics. Wrestler, box in levi's, jocks or naked. The garage, the park, look at em beat the shit out of that guy! Trade videos, scenes. 4960 Almaden Expressway #263, San Jose, CA 95118.

BOOM!

'But Officer, it's July 4th!' 'Boy, you disobeyed the fireworks law!' 'What are you did-doing with that cigar sir?' 'Making the punishment fit the crime.' 'Oh, shi-f! Kl! The policeman laughs (718-789-6147 or P.O. Box 20147 London Terrace Station, NYC, NY 10011. Cigars, Uniforms, Bears, Leather, Fire, Firearms, Firebugs, Firecrackers, Fireman)

MASTER TRAVELS NATIONWIDE

Big dicked GWM, commercial pilot 32 6-3, 210 lbs of muscle wants hungry pucked gashole to fuck/beat and flat. Also into assplay. F/f, CBT, TT I travel free. NYC based. Visitors welcome, any age/race. Correspondence OK but a tight asshole preferred. Send nude photo/phone. Box 7392LF

BOUND AND GASSED

Leather/Rubberman into bondage wants to hear from others turned on by gasmasks, gas aromas. Scenes with cops, footballers, bodybuilders, others, given/administering laughing or other types of gas. Stories, fantasies, reality, phone yo. Box 7567

HERE'S THE DEAL

GWM 43, searching for intense extended forced captivity. You're able to dominate me mentally and physically and possess a ability for long-term confinement and submitent skill and patience to develop me at a pace that's meaningful to us both. Mark, 1530 Locust, #22 Philadelphia PA 19102 7269LF

HANDSOME WHITE SLAVE

Looking for Black or Latin Master who knows how to treat a prime piece of White meat. Need to be dominated and owned by masculine handsome Master. My limits only exist to be broken and expanded. Slave 6-2 210 heavily muscled football player's build. Willing to negotiate. Box 7310LF

SUBMISSIVE PUSSY BOY

wants dominant/aggressive verbally ab sex. Jockes, Jocks GI's Cops trainmen abuse and abuse me. Particularly like being on shower room floor of locker rooms and female ab + R. CR WS scat BD. Pete 21-8-4-4. Write + phone 2095 Hollywood Blvd. Suite 440 Hollywood CA 90028 7691LF

TRUCKERS

Masculine guy likes nothing better than sucking 8-wheeler's. Why sleep alone in bed? When passing through Houston? Get what you need! he most some T, C, too. Older men especially welcome but age looks unimportant. Doing me a favor, I'll send you my number. All callers answered. Miss Box 7649LF

MOTORCYCLE COP

I have a very good life, would like to find one man to share it with. I'm 5-8, 185, solid muscle, very goodlooking, honest, hardworking, compassionate, strong, caring, confident. Great love farm in the country, own my own bodybuilding gym. Fantasy: make hot movie with another bodybuilder. Box 7222LF

BELLY BUTTON FETISH

Love innies and outies. What's your fetish? Let's share. Box 7456

LEATHER THERAPISTS

Guy Baldwin, writer of Drummer's "Ties That Bind" column, is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles. He is now compiling a directory of Leather/SM-positive therapists and counselors. If you work in this field and wish to be in touch with others who share these interests please write to Guy Baldwin, MS, c/o Drummer PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314. Please describe your licenses, degrees, special training, and areas of expertise. Also indicate whether you work with men and/or women, homosexual and/or heterosexual clients.

SLEAZE IN YOUR 50'S

WM, 5-11, 137, 37 yrs, seeks same into mud, piss, grease, cum, scar, enemas & showers while wearing skin-tight 50's and T-shirts. Box 7730

NEEDED: LEATHER TOP

WM, 32, Good-looking & masculine, 5-10, black hair, moustache & short beard, 165 lbs and a tight in-shape body into most scenes. Looking for handsome, quality Master/Dad(s) to explore limits and hot rough sex. Turn ons: Bard, artons, red hair knit. I travel monthly. Send photo, letter & phone number to Box 7651LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Very masculine, country guy, 46 6-5, 200. Loves outdoors, riding horses, working cattle. Hair: uncut, 6 inches plus will fuck your brains out and more! Looking for younger, straight acting masculine men. If you're not country, don't waste my time! Send photo and more (Northwest of Houston, TX). Box 7122LF

LEATHER AND LACE

Sensitive, imaginative, demanding. A leather Master seeks him. Thoughtful, submissive, passable, busy slut TWTS, 20-40, under 5-9 for friendship, devoted service as slave. Rewards may include leather bondage, public displays, shaving, heavier training. Formidable mall training available. Photo, VHS returned. BD. Box 190, Portland OR 97075-0190 7309LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER/LOVER

slave, 36, 5-9, 135 lbs, good shape, shaved head and body, live and a half inch cut Dick, 2 gauge PA, experienced, seeks to serve in-control, skilled trustworthy Master/Lover 25-50, intense SM, dominance/submission, service in one-on-one ownership relationship. Health, no drugs. Photo please, thank You, Sir Box 7514LF

COPS/OTHER BOOTED MEN

Smartass Military, cocky airline pilots, swaggering cowboys, crewcuts, high and lights, no beards. Handsome sans but tough TOP will cult feed BOOTS and SQUARE AWAY wiseass BOOTTED men punished and confined when needed 21+, photoletter, preference to uniformed sale sex, white only Box 7545LF

MASTERS

Slave is looking for Masters in US and Europe - am 28 and into TT, CBT, whips, hoods, dildos, humiliation, piss, bondage. Arums and smoke OK. Please write to Chris Nilsson, Mossbergay, 17, 16134 Bromma, Sweden. 8492LF

DAD SEEKS SON

GWM, 36, 8-1, 210 seeking obedient son. I have no physical preferences except that my son must have extremely short, heavily bitten nails. This is a real turn-on for me. Send photos of hands and feet. I will reimburse you for the expense incurred. (I am a very generous Daddy!) Send letter/photos to Box 7661

BARE ASS WHIPPINGS

Start gently, build slowly, test limits. Want one? Ask Northeastern Dad, 44, 5-10, 165, for it. Qualified to whip Dad's ass? Man enough to trade? Prove it. Goals: red-hot asses, hard cocks, empty balls. Box 7757LF

DISABLED?

See Organizations heading

LEATHERSON WANTED

by tall goodlooking, professional Dad (WM, 44; Son's qualifications: 21 - mid 30s, proportional

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build, preferably muscular, GR/p FR/p, explore it, cock & ball work and BD in monogamous relationship; must be nonsmoker. Son must be able to relocate, if you qualify, write with detailed info including education, work experience, and outside interests. Sam Leatherman, PO Box 1189 Amherst, MA 01004 7263LF

ITALIAN L/JL DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond/LSMC/crop/BB, pro-wrestlers, lookalikes a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. Occ PO Box 9181 Henderson NV 89009

HOT CONSTRUCTION WORKER

seeks others. M 25-6-5, 245, size 13 workboots. Looking for anything. You must be tall, 6-1 to 6-8, & muscular. Prefer other leather or hardhats. Photophone a must or no reply. Write Quick Rock PO Box 84, Ringwood, NJ 07456.

BOOTS, BONDAGE, SHAVING

Aggressive cowboy seeks submissive partner. Send photo/d. Box 526037 S.C. UT 84152

TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tf work, cock/ass whipping, bondage, and getting Master's cock serviced. Am WM. 5-10, 145, 50s, moustache, have play room. No drugs, FF scalp San Francisco. Planning visit? (415) 469-0955 or Box 6993

READY FOR ACTION

Central Iowa stud, finding his way, desires mature rough & rugged master. I'm 44 and uncut. Tts CBT bondage, whipping, shaving. Scenes in leather or nude settings gets Full response. Travel extensively and welcome visitors. 515-632-3707 7748LF

SLAVE SEEKS DOM BLACK TOP

Muscular white male, 27, 5-11, 160 healthy, safe/sane and good-looking seeking Black or Latin.

masculine, dominant Top/Master to be serviced the way you like it. I will be your Yes Sir male bull heat & totally passive slave. This is for serious only, not fantasy seeing. I am able to travel both Canada & U.S. Photo a must, all answered. Box 7667

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive masculine 42 blue-eyed WM seeks a submissive obedient masculine affectionate son age 18-35. You should expect old fashioned woodshed discipline when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring strict daddy. Serious only write or call before 11:30 PM EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240 7039LF

MUSCLEATHER

Leatherman serious about bodybuilding posing body worship wants to exchange photos and possibly meet other men who are proud enough to show it. Will also consider BB training for a slave with potential to be huge. Box 6237LF

ATTRACTIVE SOUTHERN BOY

WM. 23, 5-2, 190, brown/blue, uncut, athletic, masculine, submissive, into BB long hair, BD shaving, piercings. Possible heavier scenes. Seeks dominant male 35 or younger or lover for mutual Drummer relationship. Graduating in spring (accounting.) Grades would make relocation easy. Write with offer I can't refuse! Photo please. Sam Box 7482LF

WRESTLING/ASS WORSHIP

Professional male, 40, seeks Levi/Leather clad men into wrestling including heavy dominant/submissive scenes. Also into prolonged periods of face sitting and ass smacking. Box 7664LF

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

Stern aristocratic Prussian Colonel 44 6 ft, 160 provides strict training and discipline to legal-age stud boys of all nationalities and dispositions. Will

safely test limits and punish failure without feeling until complete submission is achieved. No BS letter and hot photo. Box 7050LF

LET'S KICK BALLS!

Let's punch balls, knee balls, smash balls, grind balls, grab balls. Prefer deep-inside pain rather than surface skin pain. No drugs. Public scenes (backrooms, alleys,) or private. Who can take more? Bearded ballman, 32, 5-8, 160 always in leather. I travel everywhere POB 791443 Dallas, TX 75379 7449LF

SECRET TURDSUCKERS
I-shape, scat Top interested in meeting young guys who fantasize about rimming a man's dirty asshole or sucking on his oversized shit covered dick, especially if you don't look like you would ever put a man's turd in your mouth. Also into guys who are usually Tops but who secretly think about being a raunch slave or can't find someone who understands the nasty things they want to do. Want to hear from Hustlers/Ex-hustlers into scat. Travel East and West coasts frequently, am strictly Top and healthy (HIV-), 34, 5-10, 145. P.O. Box 78231, San Francisco, CA 94107 Box 7117LF

OCCULT SLAVE

Pig slave, pierced, tattooed, shaved, wants to enter world of OCCULT/SATANISM where desire for pain, sacrifice and heavy ritualistic, ceremonial SM can be realized daily. Expect permanent modification of mind and body to please Master(s). Los Angeles based. Box 7735

DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

I'm 5'7, 145, goodlooking BB. Need Daddy who can show me the ropes his way. Enjoy bondage, some SM willing to expand limits. I am loyal with some experience. Short to long-term sessions or more. Send orders and photo please. Box 7114LF

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician slave-owner seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual neopaganism, Witchcraft, occult and esoteric disciplines. Faerie religions. Absolutely no scientists. Panman, PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN

'ED' OF TAMPA

Got letter too late for 'Cuts. Currently working 'On

the Road' Daytona Beach, others, thru April (approx.). Mail is forwarded from Glendale address but takes a week plus. My action, gear, etc. are very real. Want very much ASAP. Do you have phone or P.O.B. to make contact? How can I give my current address/phone? Leathered, locked, loaded and ready. COWBOY

LEATHER BOTTOM IN D.C.

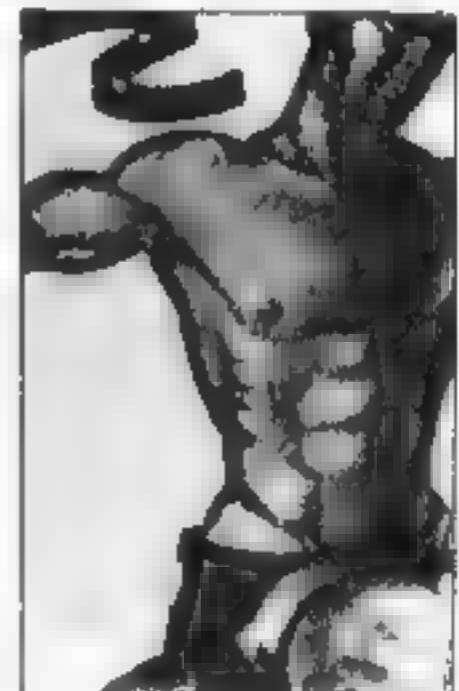
Hot, muscular leather bottom 28, thick moustache, pierced nipples, seeks hot top(s)/master(s) to serve. Should have moustache/beard & be part of leather lifestyle. Uniforms, cowboys and cops a plus. Need to have my face and tight ass fucked. Slings, mentors, smoke, aroma. DC area. Box 7707LF

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 6-2, 175, working man into hot, intense sex CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, SM, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities to P.O. Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402

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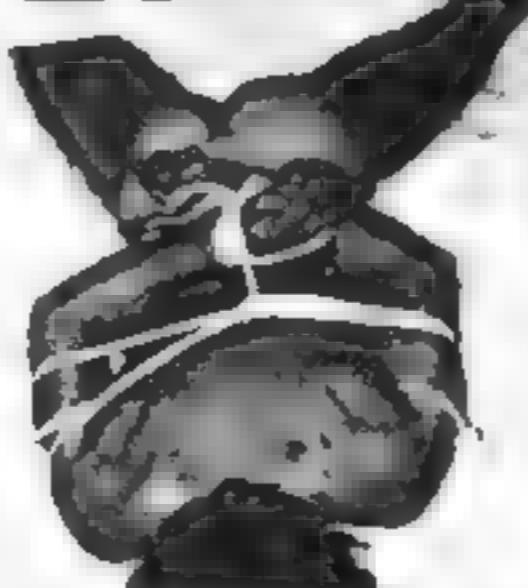
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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter/phone/photo. Box 7629LF

WM, 6-1, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache. 28 yrs., nice build, above average looks. Former DC leather winner. Interests: motorcycles, 4x4 trucks, sports, men my age and older 6 ft and shorter, moustache required. Dislikes: drugs and chain smokers. This copper's for real, leather and photo gets same. Write Box 7156LF

ATTRACTIVE CREATIVE TOP

Single white male, late 30's, 6-2, 190, black hair, hazel eyes, moustache, uncircumcised, healthy(HIV-neg). At, masculine seeking submissive sex partners, pen-friends, buddies into leather, uniforms, SM BD, videos, most safe scenes. Will respect/pound limits. Have cellar playroom. Travel. P.O. Box 25012 Richmond, VA 23260. 804-225-8272. 7729LF

LEATHER BOY FOR TRAINING

28, 6-11, 155, brown, At, attractive & intelligent. Seeks SM training by dominant masculine, well-hung master 30-45. Interests include: muscles, short hair, moustaches, BD, boots, leather hoods, gags, spanking, enemas, toys, and...? Safe, sane, photo & expectations. Girl All answered. Vancouver, Canada Box 7688LF

AUSSIE LEATHERMAN

Handsome, hung, 34 yo, 6-2, 180 lb, country boy with very creative mind. Visits US often, desires contact with others into military or prison induction scenes with head and body shaving, torture and rape. Written fantasy leading to real scenes during visit, top or bottom. Box 8732LF

ALABAMA

RAVEN INTELLECT WRITER

Hairy, hot, burly, bear bottom seeking master to train me in all areas of submission. Middle aged slut loves domination by Italian men, police, blacks, truckers. Eager to service dick, ear ass, take abuse, giving adoration to fleshy, big men. Love being fucked by champions. Party slut for group. Bobby. 205-947-5318. 7743LF

LOOKING FOR BUDDY/LOVER

Hot, horny, 32 yr old WM, 200 lb, black hair, beard, pierced, looking for big butch buddy who likes to pitch and catch, into most scenes, open to exploration. No one nighters, smokers, drugs. Long hair, piercings, face and body hair, and tattoos real turn-ons. Your pic gets mine. Let's get together! Box 7387LF

ALASKA

LONELY ALASKA BOY

Seeks hungry hunter friend(s), companion. disc rite Dad, 30-45 in Southeast Alaska. I'm 32 5-B, 140, blond/blue, beard, HIV-neg, widower, ready to start living again. Into leather, latex, BD, CBT and more. Willing to travel. Junta to Ketchikan, year round. Box 7674LF

ARIZONA

LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBER

In Tucson, not into bar scene, seeks to network with others into SM Tops and bottoms. Box 7718LF

PHOENIX PECS & NIPPLES

Handsome, gym 36, 5-10, 174, smooth muscular body, masculine, professional. Enjoy safe muscle sex, CBT work, BD. Want masculine, well built muscular men with similar interests. Prefer late 30's to late 40's. Tits, muscle and masculinity essential. Box 7701

ARKANSAS

L.R. ARK/EX-MILITARY/PROUD

Muscular, WM needs extensive training, discipline. You, masculine, experienced, dominant, creative. My interests: sorority, humiliation, bondage, toys, crewcuts. To command this butch slave, write w/photo for reply. Box 7752

NORTH. CALIFORNIA

BONDAGE-SEX

I'll use leather restraints, rope and chain to put you exactly where I want you and then I'll use you exactly as I want to. I'll bind you, hood you, piss on you, beat on you just enough to get my dick hard and then I'll fuck you (with condoms) and eat you if you can take it. No heavy SM, just bondage, leather, a little rough stuff, and sex. Looks aren't important, body isn't important. The way you respond to my touch is. Box 7694

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave 5-6, 145, seeks dominator-discipline humiliation from show/beginning Master. Into body worship, armes, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. P.O. Box 6856, San Francisco CA 94101

MASOCHIST SEEKS SADISTS

WM, 45, 5-10, 183 lbs., enjoys a combination of various tortures applied safely. Serious, skilled, equipped mean caring intense creative relationship desired. HIV+ healthy. Descr. Drive letter explaining your needs and experience with photos phone No bullsh! please Gary Richards, P.O. Box 781 Santa Rosa, CA 94502 (707) 7386LF

ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Teach, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lesson in humiliation and service. GWM, 40, 180, 5-6, no drugs. Box 7324LF

ANAL ATTENTIVE? WE ARE!

Two handsome, versatile, leather top men in our 30's would like to share our lean, gym-toned bodies, tight dicks and tight bubble butts with similar leather buddies. If you are into extended, sweaty Greek action with MEN, drop us a line with your photo. Box 7713LF

SM LEATHERMAN

SF leatherman, masculine, white, 32, seeks experienced Top for bondage and safe SM sex. Have toyroom and experience. I need "training" and have the facilities/equipment to do it right. Sir Red "trainer" planning to visit SF requested to write in advance to assure memorable visit. Discretion required and reciprocated. Photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

WANTED: OLDER/EXPERIENCED

Dad by 26 year old (bottom or mutual) boy I'm looking to explore/fulfill my sexual fantasies including toys, bondage and uniforms. Boy loves beefy daddies with moustaches and chewable tits. Boy is willing and eager to learn. Mutual consent and respect a must. Reply to Box 7576

BALL P.O.W.

26 year old bodybuilder offers his treasured balls to muscled leather CHP/MP type guys who know how to make em hurt. Dig balls w/hips presses, hot wax, military interrogations, scenes, brutal police officers, sadistic coaches. Tie me and make me talk or ??? Travel NYC, LA. Photo. Box 6776LF

RIVER AREA

Looking for same. Wrestling, bondage, muscle builder, 215#, sweat, pits. No latex, lens, phones. Adventurous, all round, rugged, straight acting and appealing. Steve P.O. Box 640 Guerneville, CA 95446 Send picture and sentence letter 7224LF

HOT, HUNKY LEATHER SLUT

Handsome muscular WM 40-6-2 200 brown/blue and healthy. This over sexual stud enjoys heavy CBT workouts. Needs training from an experienced Top to explore and expand my limits in bondage, CBT, asplay, spanking and other SM activities. Ready to open up emotionally and sexually. Jim, Box 7650LF

LEATHER CODPIECE PANTS

A man in leather cod piece pants really turns me on. I want the opportunity to wear my tall boots leather cod piece pants and leather hood as I abandon myself to servicing your leather encased cock and balls. Box 7579

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

SILICON VALLEY SM SLUT

WBm, youthful trim 40s, HIV-neg, hot and horny professional, an experienced, sensitive Top/bottom with insatiable nipples, into leather, bondage and SM seeks playful, articulate, reasonably fit buddy for hot, safe SM play and sex. SF Bay area. Photo appreciated, exchanged. Box 743LF

SF PIERCED NOVICE

Seeks dominant sadistic Tops, to train me in CBT TT, bondage, spanking & paddling, shaving, boots licking, crotch worship, etc. Expand my limits to suit your needs. Permanent relationship possible with right Top(s). Inclut a plus. Phone and photo requested. Box 774T

FACESITTERS, PISSE & JO

Gdkg WM 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and you'll squat up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write Bill S., #237 2215-A Market St San Francisco CA 94114 7750LF

WANTED

GWM, 30, 6-1, 170, moustache, defined build, bulging leather codpiece, hot round ass, looking for young leathermaster in control, to slowly expand my libido. Teach me to take what you have to give, expand my hot hole with dildo, admire the hot ass you're in control of, teach me to satisfy you. Your scenes are my turn-ons. If you're looking for a regular sexual partner, or one hot session, for mutual exploration, write, include photo and phone. Safe but hot sex only. Box 7730LF

TOP THIS TOP

Experienced top wants to reestablish his bottom space after several years absence. Interests include bondage, boots, catheters, suspension, but am most interested in exploring your kinky suggestions. Phone and photo to Box 7756LF

BONDAGE TEACHER NEEDED

GWM, 28, 5-11, brn/blu. beard. Looking for 25-40 muscular w/c teacher of ropes, stocks, etc. Not looking for love, just hot times. Willing to try anything once. Photo/phone gets mine. Box 7467

BOTTOM WITH SLAVE MODE

GWM 49 6-2, 175, HIV-. Sucker,immer, tuckee. Your age, race, looks unimportant. Slim build chemistry is. Jse kink (except scat) to enhance my submission, limits. Many fetishes, three hungry holes. Will experiment. Will respond to your scene as ordered. Bottom mildly handicapped. Ongoing monogamous scene/relationship desired. Br/couples OK. Box 7568LF

SHORT TOUGH STUD

Seeks same for very physical SM, TT, BD, JO bates. GWM, 40, 5-6, 145, BB. aggressive verbal 415-286-3305

HOT HAIRY TOPMAN

GWM 38, 6', 150, Bl/Bt beard. Looking for hot buddy. If you can throw your legs up and worship my hairy body while I ram my thick 10 1/2" cock up your ass and drive you into ecstasy, you're my man. Into leather, cock & tit play, creative sex. Your photo gets mine. PO Box 14054, SF CA 94114

MASCULINE SLAVE WANTED

Am looking for a masculine guy that has a deep need to be punished and disciplined. You must also be willing to commit yourself to lifetime dedication. You should be under 40 and in good shape. I am 40, 6-4, 240, masc, dominant and nasty. Safe but mean. Box 7203LF

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

18-35 years old WM who wants to share leather sex. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me and let's talk. 415-861-0581 7155LF

INTELLIGENT TOGETHER

Bodybuilder, short, handsome, honestly dominant and experienced sadist looking for a similarly together bodybuilder with a taste for genital pain. 4-5-864-5566 Don. This is not a sex talk service. Do not call in the middle of the night and expect a good reception.

WORSHIP ME

WM 40, 5-6, muscular BB, silver beard, balding and severely goodlooking wants boy/buddy to play hot hard and intense. I'm into leather, SM, boots piss, VA, TT, spit, outdoors, grease and dirt. Daddy can be gentle and caring. You: goodlooking, relationship oriented. Photo with honest letter. Serious only. Box 7284LF

NUDE HOUSEBOY SON

Sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40, White or Oriental, drugsmoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 6121LF

2 COWBOYS SEEK TOPMAN

2 WM looking for hairy topman between 30-50 to ride us good. We are 31-50, 175 and 35-6-5, 195 both hairy with moustaches. You are well hung and GFM who loves to fuck. Take turns with us. Truckers and uniforms a plus. Send picture and letter to Randy and Mike, 2443 Fair Oaks Blvd. #140, Sacramento, CA 95825.

EASTBAY SHITHOLE SHIFTER

GWM, 44, asshole lover eager to meet men who turn on to having their holes snifled, slurped, and fingered. Forget the Dial soap and smell like a human male. A fat uncut cock is great, but hell, I'll enjoy whatever you have. Hot note & phone to Box 6371LF

SF LEATHERMASTER

39, 6' 180 lbs, accepting applications for slave/dog bootlicker non-smoker to 35. Training will include prolonged leather & steel bondage, hood & gag, shaving, whipping, cigars. Replies must include photo and phone. Box 7439LF

HOT HORNY LIBIDO SEEKS MEN

GWM 38, 6-2 175 lbs of horny man. H. brown hair/beard, 7 in. cut. I please the man I'm with. Looking for GWM, 30-45, who likes fucking, sucking, dickoat, (FFA, bondage Top,) 3 or more plus whatever our horny minds turn up with. My body awaits to please men. Box 7298LF

I WANT YOUR MIND SLAVE!

You must seriously have a compelling need to serve, want to relinquish decisions and have a desire to focus on the wishes of your Master. Also, you must be naturally submissive, docile, have an affectionate nature, and be open and communicative. Persons with these qualifications have permission to call (916) 391-9755 7410LF

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Versatile slave/son 22-28 wanted by HIV+ professional, successful businessman 50. You are fit, masculine, intelligent, motivated, needing guidance and control with life. Genuine submissive, obedient nature required. Assistance with school or career if relationship achieved. Explicit letter/photo to Suite 73, Crystal Springs Center, San Mateo, CA 94402 7751LF

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Cone-shaped nipples on a smooth, pumped, lean chest. I have them. Do you? GWM early 40s, tall, educated, defined moustache. White-hot sex. Mutual pain/pleasure. No tats or heavy body hair. Boxholder Suite 406, J315 Sacramento St, SF CA 94118

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Good-looking, smooth-bodied, masculine but submissive, 34 year old, 5-11, lean/defined 155 lbs. a nine inch dick and a mouth-watering pussy ass needs to be regularly mounted by a muscular, all male, aggressive, roughrider with an oversized pussy stuffer. Will put out for a tough, dominating leatherman who'll screw my clean shaven ass or dick drooling mouth at will. Like cock teasing you by displaying my butt until you force me down and rape me. Get really hot if we're wearing leather/uniforms or I service other men at your

direction. Not into pain, FF, launch but like bondage, visuals, verbal & light physical abuse. Photo/phone: 584 Castro #167 San Francisco, CA 94117

WHIPMASTER

44 y/o brn/blu, 5-4, 125 lbs, wants you for switch hitting with my collection. Prefer experienced but will train as necessary. Peter Fiske, 631 O'Farrell, SF CA 94109 (415) 673-0452

BLACK MASCULINE MAN

5-8, 160, 28, seeking serious leathermen or couples who enjoy having their ass, boots licked and sucked. Have nice brown ass for fucking and toys. WS, VA, 3-ways. Steve for right Master Dave, 415-474-9564

SOUTH. CALIFORNIA

MATURE MUSCLESLAVE AVAIL.

Hot, healthy hunk, 45, 5-8, 165, Italian, goodlooks (short, dark hair, brown eyes, moustache) seeking masculine, muscular buddy/master for safe but creative, tough-to-tender, massex. Have well equipped playroom for BD SM, merging fantasy into reality. Enjoy outdoor action, hiking, bodybuilding, quiet good times, etc. Your candid letter and physique photo gets mine. Rick, PO Box 2494 North Hollywood, CA 91610

GWM, submissive Dad, 53, 6-3, 185, smooth, looking for tops or mutual players into beer piss, poppers, heavy job, uncuts, leather, underwear, porn fantasies, clothing (parties to business suits) and uniforms. No recip. rec. No greek, no scat, no fols. Married and b. A.D.K. Box 7587LF

BIKE CUB RED/GRAY RIGHT

Seeks happy Leather Bear to trust, grow, build, laugh and hibernate with. Phil is bright, solvent, organized, affectionate, teachable, non-closeted, HIV+, and healthy, doesn't smoke/drugs, lite drinker. Commitments: friends, our community, pers. spk. understanding, music and empathy. 42, 72 inches tall, 185, brn/blu, moustache, pierced 86 Virago 700. P/P to 175 Monroe St, Pomona CA 91767 5412LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/LOVER

Healthy (HIV-), trim WM 5-8 seeks submissive slave-lover/friend over 50 I'm into any and all those scenes. Ioc, worship, face-fucking, face sitting piss drinking, spanking (no pain), dog training and complete humiliation & degradation. Permanent relationship desired. Photo/phone to Box 7728LF

INTIMACY, DISCIPLINE

Want relationship with man who expects obedience. I'm 26 (look 20), 5-9, 150, brown/green considered a 7 interested in almost all Drummer scenes. Am independent, but would consider lifestyle change for right person. Be White, no smokers/drugs. Westminster. Please send demands to Box 7115LF

LEATHER/VET/HARLEY BUDDY

Seeks: confident, in-charge, life successful and whole person with opportunities for loyal, quality service, respectful partnering & good manners than trust-scenes. Graham, open minded, self-employed, assured, malleable, tactile, 42, 72 inches, 180, stache, brown, hazel, HIV+, good health, mgred, some earned L-gear. Change worthy 175 Monroe, Pomona 91767

PART TIME BOY

Masculine Master/Dad looking for part-time boy/slave. GWM, 25-35, masculine, for pleasure service, houseboy, buddy, etc. Master is 44, 5-1, 225, very kind, protective yet demanding pleasure from his boy. Not live-in, but part-time/on-call. Send mandatory photo and letter to Thom, 8033 Sunset Boulevard, #624, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Serious guys only. 6560LF

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Blond bodybuilder, 5-3, 190, needs genuine psychological domination from overbearing, ex-tremely possessive, foul-mouthed MAN who knows who's BOSS in and out of bed. Enforced chastity, subtle public humiliation, dog collar/leash. Teach disrespectful boy to keep his fuck-

ing mouth shut. Box 5007LF

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Los Angeles - climb on top and slide inside of this handsome, healthy, versatile ponyboy - 30, 5-9, 160lb, moustache, trim body with hot receptive butt and talented hands. Seeking 100% masculine Top/versatile, big brother/mentor for regular good times. Flexible roles, expanding miles to doublewide proportion. Photo/details: Box 7242LF

NEED HARD BODY TOP

In a well-defined, hairy chested, gym bottom 37 masculine who enjoys spanking, verbal abuse, bondage, ball play by serious minded top who is health conscious and in good solid shape. Box 7727

DUNGEON SLAVE

Needs to serve experienced Dungeon Master on a part-time (possibly permanent live-in) basis. Into safe, serious leather/rubber SM sex, bondage, discipline, and more. Slava is handsome, trim, 31-6-2, 170 lbs. Please send photo and letter to Box 7059LF

WANTED

Me Grip, Fix and more for right man, 32-5-6, 140 masculine, into outdoors and country life. Very hot man looking for another to share good time with. You, 5-10+, 35-45, masculine, hung, very hot and total Top. Box 7187LF

ORANGE COUNTY BOTTOM MAN

WM, 5-11, 175, 50, younger looking, average build and looks, 6-1/2 in uncum, shaved balls, looking for Top to fill needs. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits, you take control. HIV+. Answer with picture. Box 7121LF

WANTED: NAZI MASTER

for slave. (213) 860-5112

HASTY DUDES

Good-looking, BiWM top, 5-8, 150, blue/brown good shape wants to meet slim & sexy guys into wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex (rubbers). Pix? Write Bill, Box 7705

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Wild, depraved, perverted fuck/torture animal unconditionally surrenders its steel-collared balls, by choice, and without any shame to an excessively evil-minded cold-blooded Sadist who's criminal enough. Knows how to hellishly torture an animal. Degenerate fucker hungry for a no bullshit Master/Sadist to probe and increase its tolerance and endurance to heavy physical pain through progressive training in unrelentingly verbal abuse, rough contact, and controlled torture brutality. Proper attitude/motivation are essential. Torture and sex to him must be a brutal act of cruel aggression and relief, and a marked symbol of his virile masculinity. Torture animal is hot, muscular, hairy, masculine white male, healthy, young, early 40s, that needs to struggle and sweat as he's enforced to submit repeatedly in prolonged, inescapable bondage at new thresholds of torture pain. No bullshit! No limits! Just dick hard training. Delighted letter/photo to. Box 4827LF

SADISTS SOUGHT

Mexican masochist seeks sadists with the need to punch, kick, abuse. Does inflicting pain. The sight of welts, bruises turn you on? Are you a Master at the art of applied pain? I seek safety with perverted sadistic men. Boxholder, PO Box 86322, Los Angeles, CA 90086. 7150LF

WANTED: HIV+ MAN

who is healthy, happy & hung and would like the company of a young looking 50 year old (5-3, blue eyes, beard) to go into the 21st century with. Photo please. Louis Rodriguez, 6201 Sunset #312, Los Angeles, CA 90028

DEAR DAD,

My name is Jerry and I'm searching for you. I'm 5-9, brown/brown, 34, mostly smooth, husky, completely honest and sincere. I'm neither weak nor ignorant but need you to compliment my life. I'm naturally submissive with unlimited potential with the proper motivation. I've got the abilities and aggressiveness, but lack discipline and structure to achieve greatness. I want you because you're a

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GWM 6' 190. 47 brown/blue, uncut. 44 chest, well built body seeks loving Master. With the right Master most things are possible. One hour from NYC. Box 7710

LIVE IN SLAVE GWM 18-30

Info heavy CBT TT WS, whipping, confinement. Have extensive basement playroom. Want an assistant to my consulting practice with PC programming/data base skills. Only call if interested in Live-in answer questions on answering machine and leave your number. CJ (201) 874-6809. 7113LF

LOVE BONDAGE

Novice, bottom, 5-10, 150, seeks extremely muscular bodybuilder, 25-40, to safely explore limits in locker room scenes, body worship, sweaty workouts, sports/military discipline. Box 7653

MASTERS SEEK REAL SLAVES

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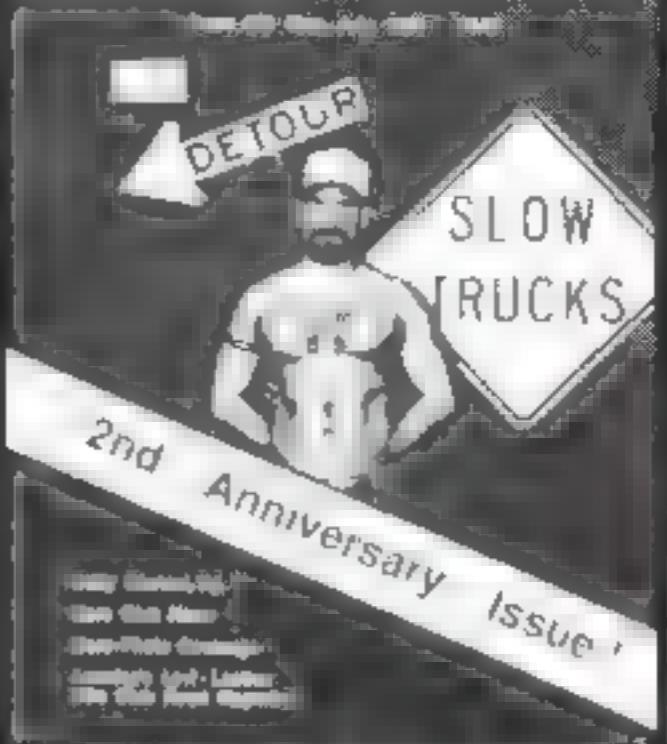
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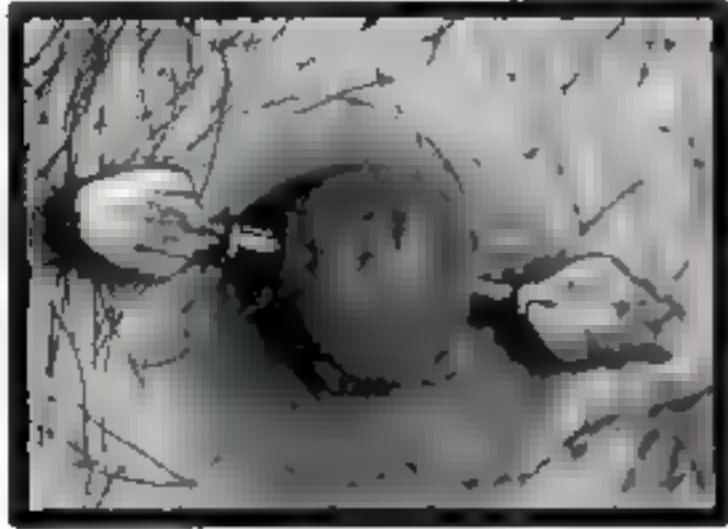
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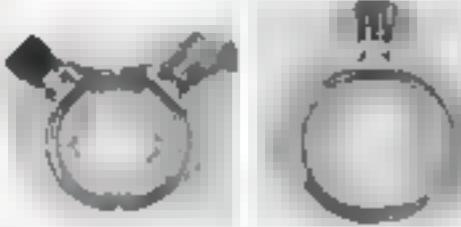
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ed on. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine, all responses answered. Write to: Thomas Williams, 3298 Oakcliff Dr., Doreaville, GA 30340. No pain, drunks, hard drugs. 7693LF

SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

WM 22, 6 ft, 175 lbs, brbr and moustache. Into BD, SM, WS, some launch and all safe and hot, also into camcorders. Like Men over 30 with moustache, also like beer belly and rape fantasies. But most of all, to-be himself. Write to Box 714BLF

HAWAII

BOYS AND TOYS

wanted by 33, 5-10, 175 lb, top for safe games Serious display, TT bondage and fantasy are part of the games we'll play. You. 25-45 and fit. Harry a plus. Reply to: P.O. Box 731, Honolulu, HI 96808. No photo, no reply. 7716LF

WELL MUSCLED

Basic down home kind of guy. 33, 165 lb, 6 ft, lean, who occasionally likes to play rough. Looking for other men around my age who enjoy weightlifting, running and other athletic activities. Let's exchange photos, letters, and possibly meet. MC, 2542 DATE St., Apt 1405, Honolulu, HI 96826. 7553LF

ILLINOIS

HORSE WANTED

6 ft one and a half, 205, 61 engineer. Master, wants any age, 220 lbs + BB or muscular, hairy/slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. Mutually pump iron Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pecs, tit, nipple play, kisses. P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. 5901LF

SEEKING YOUNG SON/SLAVE

18+ Shaving, spanking, dildos, belts & bondage will be used by very well hung Dad. 39, 6' 190. I want cute & pretty under 28, white or tanned male. Discretion assured. Send photo & application. Box 7633

NEED BUTCH DOMINANT MAN

Good-looking 28 year old WM needs WA, spanking and humiliation from hot butch, safe, stud who gets off on my degradation and embarrassment. Photophone to Box 7745

BIG BOY SEEKS BIG DAD

Handsome, masculine, hunky, All-American boy, 26, bl/bl, 6-2 185 looking for big, muscular, mustached well hung Dad (30+) to help me explore & expand my limits in hot, safe, sans LEATHERSEX. Am eager to learn. No drugs. Send photo/phone for reply. Box 7744F

LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into jockstraps, longjohns and underwear. 38, 5-11, 175 lbs, into most underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. White Jay. Box 78, 506 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657. 7687LF

DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6-2 blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, bootlicking dogslaves, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving. All work CBT whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: P.O. Box 148434, Chicago, IL 60614. 6935LF

SERIOUS BONDAGE BOTTOM

Seeks experienced, responsible Top(s). GWM 36, short moustache. Chicago area & Midwest. Into leather, boots, bluecollar gear, rubber, uniforms, hoods, gags, blindfolds, ties, cigars, duct tape, lots more! Seek intense, creative, & kinky bondage forced cigar-smoking, immobilization, confinement, mummification, bondage in layers of leather/rubberwork clothes/gear. Box 6841LF

YOU WANT IT! YOU NEED IT!

Your life is miserable without it. Firm, unyielding discipline on your bare ass with hand, hair brush and strap. Write Mr. Jon Grayson, 4201 Weber Dr, Rolling Meadows, IL 60008.

DISCIPLINE NEEDED

by hairy bottom, 31, 5-1, 145 brown/brown. Seeking strict top to ensure obedience into VA, WS, TT fucking, uniforms. Awaiting orders. Box 7642

INDIANA

WANTED

Someone to share my life and country home. 55 yrs, 6", 197 lbs PO Box 465, Marion, IN 46952

DOMINANT WOMAN

By GWM 35, 6 ft, 190, brown hair and eyes, into receiving prolonged cock, ball, and/or torture. If you get off on inflicting pain, then I'm for you. No WS scat, WA, lots or fems please. Let me put my balls in your hands, and let your imagination run amok. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer off Lafayette area a plus, but can travel. Box 7585LF

IOWA

ATTENTION: TRUCKERS/BIKERS

Leather sex slave, 32, 6-3, 180, a real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass. Leather, cigars, beer, piss, sweat, women, same and bikes a turn-on for a gang of macho bikers. Truckers or for that one-on-one action (safe sex only) Lure, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, 50309. 7285LF

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/Daddy, 37, 5-10, 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

KENTUCKY

MASTER WANTED

GWM, 28, 186, moustache, seeks Master(s) to age 40. Train me to become a good sex slave. Into sucking cock and balls, licking out your ass, getting fucked up my ass with cock, dildo or butt plug, reenacting enemas and golden showers and getting bare bottom spankings. Pull on my tits. I'm especially into all forms of fucking and tickle-torture. Also into verbal abuse, wrestling, sweat jockstraps, cockrings leather and uniforms. PO Box 36201, Louisville, KY 40233

LOUISIANA

SLAVES WANTED

Master, white, 43, 6ft, solid 185lbs, moustache, accepting slaves/boys 21 to 40, white, good builds (no tats, fems, drugs.) for training including humiliation, shaving, enemas, spankings, etc. Long term relationship possible. Apply with letter and photo to Box 7409

GRAB MY BALLS

Sir! Stretch em to the limit and I'm yours! Open my meatable ass with gloved dick. 1st toys. Bottom me out with hot abuse. WS, restraints, electrodes, whippings. I'm white, 43, 5-10, 175, hairy chest. Your age, race unimportant just be serious. Write Steve, P.O. Box 71775, New Orleans, LA 70172 or call 504-522-8324 (7pm - 3am)

DADDY SEEKS SON/BOY

Masculine GWM Dad, 33, 6-0, 185, seeks masculine son/little boy under 30 for a permanent relationship. Mixture of love, nurturing, cuddling, punishment, discipline, shaving and potty training. Let me see how much of a little boy you are. Serious only. Photo. Travel throughout Louisiana and some in Mississippi. Occupant, POB 4101 Monroe, LA 71203. 7497LF

LEATHER IN LAFAYETTE?

Top (or bottom) GWM good-looking, 28 years old, tall & thin, seeks fuck buddies or guys into leather in the Lafayette area. Write with photo to Eric Box 8589

DADDY SEEKS SON/BOY

Masculine GWM Dad, 33, 6-0, 185, seeks masculine son/little boy under 30 for a permanent relationship. Mixture of love, nurturing, cuddling, punishment, discipline, shaving and potty training.

Let me see how much of a little boy you are. Serious only. Photo. Travel throughout Louisiana and some in Mississippi. Occupant, POB 19654, New Orleans, LA 70179. 7487LF

MAINE

MASOCHISTIC GM SLAVES!

wanted by sane experienced GWM Sadist Master, 46, for medium to heavy SM/BD torture sessions. T4 torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fist fucking, whipping, shaving, hot war, endurance, & any other safe scenes, safe sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean and willing. A few fms OK. Send picture. Location So. Maine. Box 5431LF

MASOCHISTIC GM SLAVES!

wanted by sane experienced GWM Sadist Master, 46, for medium to heavy SM/BD torture sessions. T4 torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fist fucking, whipping, shaving, hot war, endurance, & any other safe scenes, safe sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean and willing. A few fms OK. Send picture. Location So. Maine. Box 5431LF

MARYLAND

EXPERIENCED M

Hot bottom. This piece of shit ready to take if you can give. Total M into SD, VA, CBT, dildos, leather, leis, chains, hoods, boobs, etc. Total servitude. Only hmlt health conscious. Make me do it your way. 40s, 155 lbs, good body. Mash. Box 7597LF

WORKOUT PARTNER WANTED BY

GWM, 32, 6-4, brown hair, beard, body hair and hazel eyes. Above average looks, build, and body parts. Must be masculine, aggressive, and serious. NO fms or fems. PO Box 1001, Aberdeen, MD 21001

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Horny bottom seeks masculine and demanding Top(s) for sweaty SM sessions. I'm 33, 6ft, 175, 8 inches cut. Into bondage, tiwork, dildos, CBT, VA, boots, feather, and uniforms. Not into fucking or shaving. You. Sir. Muscular and aggressive and know how to give the orders. Photo returned with mine. Box 6625LF

MASSACHUSETTS

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncut couple. Master is 31, 5-10, dark hair/moustache, 175 lbs. His lover is 28, 6-1, 195 lbs, dark hair/beard. Both JNCUT HAIRY. Into all scenes and have well equipped playroom with sling. Facial/body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect, and obedience from their property. (B17) 282-7196. Tops welcome. Box 6690LF

BOSTON MASTER SADIST!

Mean Leather Daddy, age 42, 5-11, 196 lbs, wants Friday and Saturday night slaves at local SM Clubhouse. Must enjoy TT/CBT bondage, spanking and nude display. I have access to slings, racks, crosses, and whipping posts. Enjoy Daddy Boy discipline trips. OO IT! boy! Master G. Box 7594LF

TOPMAN WANTED

Bottom, 37, 6-1, 170 in need of training and direction, looking for a TOP with the proper attitude and stamina for ongoing sessions. Send description and areas of interests with photo to Occupant, PO Box 134, Worcester, MA 01602. 7725LF

ANIMAL TRAINER

wants unwilling piece of meat to break in. gagged, hooded, chained, stripped, shaved, put to work on your Master's boots, muscles, sweat, and cock. Thick collar dog dish, confinement, leather/rubber military uniforms for both, imagination. Other tops invited to challenge authority. Box 458, So Chatham, MA 02548

BUTCH PUSSYBOY

Dream of spreading your legs for your Uncle? Gym teacher? Dominant, muscular, intellectual Boston top, 45, looking for a tough little lagger stud. Be my personal property, private fuck toy, pride and joy. Be smart, cute, strong, reliable, submissive, eager to please and not over 27. Inexperienced OK. Box 7552LF

BOSTON LEATHER DADDY

Black Daddy, 35, looking for white son slut who wants to be used. Daddy knows you're a whore and wants your hole. ME? 6-4, bearded, in-shape Top, 200, thick dick. You? Bearded asspussey into VA, submission, spanking, admiring Daddy's leather. Age unimportant. Smoke, aroma, booze, NYC, SF OK. Box 7529LF

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Master, 39, tall, well-built, construction workers body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slave, 18-26, smooth, hard, well-defined bodybuilder needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. Will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school or pro BB as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top quality applicant. Physique photos, telephone to Master, Suite 298, 106 Charles St. Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. 5304LF

WANTED: MASTER

Sir, would like to be a male sex slave. Would like intense, indepth, and thorough training sessions. Keep me naked, in bondage, and shaved of all hair. My loyalty and obedience will be given. I'm 36, 5-2, 125 lbs and have a muscular build. Please write with instructions. Box 7429

HOT MUTUAL ASS GAMES

Healthy, ultra-hairy, pierced, 35, trim, 5-10, brown/blue seeks versatile partners 26-45 for long ass sessions. Dildos! Pumpit Plugz! FF! Let's get our asses sore - than let's really play! Visiting Northern Europe Feb - April 90. PO Box 1616, Princeton, MA 02657. 7377LF

BLACK LEATHER AND BONDAGE

WM, 31, 6-1, 190 needs beaded, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, heavy bondage (hoods, gags, immobilization), and forced oral sex. Thank You. Sir, for your consideration. Box 4578LF

MATURE LEATHERMAN

GWM 35 yrs, 5-10, bld hair and bearded, very hairy seeks bottoms to expand with long sessions and to explore and experiment. Send detailed letter with photo for response only. Box 7396LF

UNCUT & RIPE ?

39, WM, bottom, 165, 8 inches, big cone-shaped tits, big hole, small uncut cock, into receiving ti work & open to most scenes. You 25-45, slim, uncut, lots of cheese, slinky feet, tank pits, crotch & ass, into receiving tongue baths. Cock size unimportant. Your foreskin with month old cheese is Box 7754

MICHIGAN

BUTCH LEATHER SEEKS SAME

WM, 34, 6ft, 160, bearded, healthy, safe, stable seeks tall butch, healthy buddies 2-40 into cocksucking, JO, rimming, sweat, pits, tiwork, leather, etc., jockstraps, boots and ??? Smoked/drink OK. No fags, fems, drugs, or pain. Detroit area.. Pimpalys welcome. Reply with letter/photob. Box 7275LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Will start by cleaning your boots. You decide from there. GWM 5-8, 162 lbs, 37 yrs old seeks top for real scenes. Loves leather, asswork (mine), cocksucking, wax TT and your scenes. Please, sir, tie and train me. PO Box 2985, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. 7684LF

NIPPLE BITING

Bearded GWM 35 wants to meet young guys who want to have their nipples gnawed off. Reply to Box 7595LF

MINNESOTA

SLAVES WANTED

Fully equipped dungeon complete with demanding Master is now open for high quality, experienced slaves who need BD, TT, CBT. Master is 36, 6ft, 175, bearded and hairy. (612) 559-1062 (No JO calls after 11 pm) PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422. 712LF

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

TT TORTURE

Bearded, hairy chested slave needed by demanding bearded, hairy chested 36 year old Master for TT CBT SM. BD scenes in my dungeon. Slave must be under 6 ft tall and under 35 years old. Call (612) 559-1062 before 11:00 PM for interview or write PO Box 22502 Minneapolis, MN 55422 No J.O. calls. 7112LF

MUSCLEMAN

Muscleman airhead top wants similar bottom Photo a must. Reply RTM PO Box 15-31 Minneapolis, MN 55415.

MISSISSIPPI

wants a hold on you. Do jockstrap bulges and tall boots make your leathered ass ache? Balding bearded Harold knows that leather just seeks to double the pleasure with another leathered, loving guy. Motorcycling, computers, forest hikes, gardening and black rubber! Let's leather-up and bounce. Buddy! Box 5172 Biloxi, MS 39534-0172 7690LF

MISSOURI

Balding, bearded, booted, professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for a mature, sensitive man who's also sexually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold mid-40s enjoys classical music, leather-bikined yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for a smoke/drug-free bag night of leathered ingathering! PO Box 5172 Biloxi, MS 39534-0172 7690LF

LEATHER PIG

Leather pig boy. 6-3, 210 lbs, 28 years old. Stick your tongue down my throat and your tool up my hole. I can't get enough leather! Steve, Box 7735

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MONTANA

seeks others in North Central MT to enjoy and share cop uniforms, leather breeches, boots. Have large collection of Boots, Leather, Rubber magazines, videos, plus playroom/dungeon John Phillips, Box 164 Sweetgrass MT 59484. (406) 335-233

NEW JERSEY

South Jersey/Philadelphia GWM. 5-10, 20, b/wl beard, looking for bottom or mutual partners. I'm into almost anything. Prefer hairy bodies. Age and looks not the most important things. Travel nationwide. Will answer all responses. Box 7230LF

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725 after 8 PM 4789LF

HAIRY MEN WANTED

GWM. 5-10, 20, b/wl, beard. I'm into almost anything. Looking for mutual or bottom partners. Age and looks are not the most important things. Will answer all responses. Photo appreciated. Box 7230LF

NEW MEXICO

LEATHER BUDDY/LOVER
Goodlooking, 38, seeks non-smoking, mutual leather fantasy, love, spiritual growth. Northern NM. Box 7758

NEW YORK

BEER BELLY MASTER
Italian, 38, 5-8, 215, cigar smoker, sexual chunky

dog/bog into heavy whippings, torture, CBT TT WS, FF bondage, scat, dog food, leather, complete humiliation, degradation. Smell that wants to be treated like shit. Photo, detailed letter, qualifications to Box 7322LF

35-60, 155 clean-shaven, married needs to get fucked weekday mornings in NYC (Chinatown/Village areas preferred) by masculine, well endowed TOP MEN/DADDIES. Dark complexions, Hawaiian/Leather/Black hairy muscular and/or uncircumcised all summons. 70A Greenwich Avenue #467 NYC 10011 (212) 978-3692 7295LF

TOP STUD
Do you need really exciting service (especially those big feet?) by a hot WM. 33, 6-1, 185, very attractive, masculine, works out and satisfies? Then Top or bottom please call Burl between 6pm-12midn at (212) 575-7352 to meet in NYC. No phone JO. For your regular locker room pleasure total explosive action and more. 7292LF

ADULT

In Western NY needs a Master or playmate for regular fun and games or phone sex. Heavy into rubber and latex, leather sports gear and jocks. Like bondage, boot licking, water sports, heavy verbal abuse, etc. Sir, I'll take care of all your needs in 38, 6ft, 175, bearded, pierced tits and dick. Sir, need to serve you, please. Box 6599LF

DAD SEEKS LEATHER STUD SON

Who needs a Daddy for hot erotic, wild, safe leathersex. Top/bottom. Let's explore, expand our limits, fantasies, together. Mutual pain/pleasure, TT/CBT/WW/play, etc. Also taunt, tease, abuse, worship each other in leather, dirty jockstraps, 501s, spandex. Phone/phone. At Box 1356 Madison Square Ste. NYC NY 10159 6700LF

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 2B, 28 Ninth Ave., New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs). Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thurs-

day from 8PM to 3AM and parties on till ???. FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR. BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more information, stop by, write, or phone (212) 733-3144.

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will serve lough, sans White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3-piece suits, leather, gut punch catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel: 1-718-SM-80408 Occupant, P.O. Box 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215 or Box 6607LF

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Hot Master and handsome slave. 39 and 40, both construction workers. 6ft, 178, mustached, hung, uncircumcised and but respectively want good-looking stud Masters and slaves who are versatile for 3, 4 or more ways. Safe action only. Photo, phone or no reply. Box 7079LF

COCKSUCKER LIKES VA

GWM. 39. Horny? Get this motherfucker off his cock sucking, dick face tagger on his knees until he milks you dry. You Dirty talking, name calling fucker who knows VA won't take no for an answer just tell the queer to do it. He likes uniforms, construction types, jocks dressed accordingly. No recip. Box 7747

HOT TOP WANTED

GWM slave, attractive, 33, 150 firm lbs., tight buns, into servicing health conscious BB or hot top. Into being bound and gagged. Fr. active. Ok, passive. Gals; spankings. VA, training. Total submission given to tall, masculine, sans master. Possible relationship. Reply with letter, photo if possible. Box 7742

DOG PIG NEEDS TO SERVICE

A hot raunchy man to collar me, make me lick and service boots, feet, armpits, balls, chew raunchy sweaty jockstrap, sweatshirt. Will eat and drink from dog dish. Also WS, verbal abuse, f/f and bell work. Sir, please send orders & photo if you can. Box 7232LF

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED: SUBMISSIVE SLAVEBOY
Want's young, trim, submissive, masochistic slaveboy, into all scenes, no limits, experienced/novice OK. Fantasies become reality. You into pain, total servitude, anything! Serious only! Master 45, 6ft, 180, lives NY Miami travels. Supply detailed experiences, desires, photo, phone Box 345, 70-A Greenwich Ave, NYC 10011 7200LF

WANTED: GWM SLAVE 18-35

Dissatisfied with your life's direction, your career and now ready to give yourself totally - mind and body to your sadistic master, with full rights to shape his slave's new body expand his mind and receive any service. You are a true masochist ready to surrender your being to your master, your ass, balls, cock, tits, mouth and even your breath. Master is well educated, GWM 48, 6-0, 210 lbs, seeking a total relationship - business, well being of mind and body, sex and play. Write a biographical sketch including education, career, family, friends, hobbies, desires and why you know you can give yourself completely to your master. All such letters will receive reply. Drummer Box 7681LF

MUSCLE BOY/POWERLIFTER WTD
by NYC hairy Dad with good build, 45, 6-0, 190 lb/bi. Son must have big powerful legs, live in be into bodybuilding or powerlifting, need endless pet-nipple work, CBT, and guidance. Photophone to Box 4717LF

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

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MAN TO MAN

Weird and horny ass hole into FF looking for versatile huge dick to use me 24 hours, if it is your fantasy

call me, I am good looking 39 5-9 150 lbs. No overweights and unexperienced. 212-315-5859
432 W 56 St # SW NY NY 10019 7231LF

DADDY WANTED

Latex boy. White, healthy, clean-shaven, submissive, 5-4, 130, 40, in-shape hairy, uncut, seeks. Top bearded Daddy, caring, for relationship domination, leather, spanking, VA, sale funk. No cigarettes. Box 7151LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But this healthy 41 WM Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Men is 5-7 125 lbs, bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-ch. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, LIL, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC NY 10159 with photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN!

40 PLUS

Mature gent seeks in-shape 40 plus gent to share SM sex. Top or bottom including affection and maybe more. Box 7251

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Handsome, trim, tan, hung, Latino 29, 5-8, 140 lb thick black hair & moustache, very hot in Full

Leather/police uniforms. MEAN & HUNGRY FOR MACHO TOPMAN! YOU! DEMAND/DESERVE getting your cock sucked LONG & HARD! Born in full leather uniforms/rubber BD VA TT GRIP toys YOU. trim, hung, gdlk 26-45, especially infiniti Beer smoke, aroma. Photo & note Box 7661LF

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Male Law Officer sought by VM to act out arrest scenes. And possible more. No heavy drinkers. Easy car parking/NYC outskirts. USA, 147 W 42 St, Suite 603, NYC 10036

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punishing, fucking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a job letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leatherman welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 4840LF

LEATHER PIG SLAVE

Raunch pig gets into serving big dicks, bondage whipping and whatever his Daddy Master comes up with. 897 M HS, NYC 10156

WANTED: HOT LEATHER STUD

Must be turned on by the smell, feel, and look of black leather. Handsome, masculine, blond, 35-6ft, 165, good build, needs sad leather set with hot men in full leather. Let's gear up and explore leather SM, BD fantasies. Kingston area. Letter photo, phone, Box 7452LF

Bottoms wants to serve endowed Topman. Open my holes wide to dominating use. I am a hungry fuckmouth. A pissace who needs his ass plunged VA deer greasing me brinda te aroma. Salesak NY area. Photo al or Box 6427LF

STRIP NAKED ASSHOLE?

WM, 30, good-looking, seeking all american types 21-30 only, into slave training, humiliation, BD, SM

Prefers novices. No tats, no lams. I'm same. Sale but very serious. Info/mind games. Send photo, letter about yourself and phone to: 175 Fifth Ave, Suite 2489, New York, NY 10010

NORTHEAST BARBER

Tall WM thirties interested in giving haircuts from trims to very short cuts. Also into bodyshaving. Thinking of getting that military look? Taking off that moustache or beard? Want the feeling of a baby smooth chest or crotch? Then write and let's discuss it. Box 6768LF

NYC STUD SEEKS PUSSYBOY

GBM, dominant, handsome, and hung heavy needs devoted male pussy to use at will. I'm 24-6-1, 175 lbs. Pussyboy is any appearance. Grip. Fria Stud also enjoys spanking CBT TT assplay and body worship. Sale only. NYC area. Send photo/phone Box 7376LF

HOT YUPPY TOP

Very handsome, blond 30, 6ft, 160, dominant, (bottom to select few,) with all-American looks and firm hand seeks masculine kid brother/slave to slap around, service me, cigar in bone hand, your hot butt in another. We'll take things from there. (Also bottom buddy available for 3rd., Photo/phone POB 1955, NYC 10025-7374LF)

RED FLAG LEATHER NIGHTS

Hot, muscled, goodlooking 48, 6-175 has powerhouse 18 arms and workman's hands to tunnel out your butt, put color in your cheeks, hone your nipples into cones, mash your face into my pits, ball-sac, feet. Looking for well-built, versatile buddy(ies), 30-40, for sale, hot good times. Box 5899

GIRLFRIEND TOTAL SLUT

Rugged biker type seeks to be used as a slut cunt, whore. Make me service you and your buddies. Have wet mouth, tight ass and big tits. Any ideas? Reply Lennie, Suite F4, 498A Hudson Street, NYC 10014 Tel: (212) 367-7484 6389LF



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NORTH CAROLINA

CIGAR SMOKING BIKER-DADDY

47 6-1 thin WM gray/brown hair and beard, looking for dildos and FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I ram out your ass a couple of sizes larger. Trainees welcome. Can switch if you think you can handle it. Cycle cruising with your butt plugged NO drugs, aroma OK. You don't have to be a cigar smoker but you gotta like 'em. NC, SC, VA area. Some travel on weekends. Write with photo Box 7042LF

OHIO

BROTHERS IN LEATHER

WE share, care, play, grow, respect, learn, acknowledge, openly, warmly, sincerely, communicate, touch, tickle, massage and SAFELY ENJOY building friendships, SM and MORE! I AM gwm, 35, 6-1 healthy, thin, bearded, educated professional NO smokes/drugs. YOU respond appropriately? PO Box 12650 Toledo, OH 43606 7685 new LF F-LF

NEW DISCOVERY

WM. 34, 5-6, 135 lbs. Finding new world out there! Need stud to show me the ropes! Enjoy having my life and balls shaved, pulled, twisted and chewed on. Show me the new world of safe leather sex Columbus area. Box 7746

YOUR SCENE YOUR WAY, SIR!

Trainable, masculine bottom/slave. 6-2, 170, 30's, trim, healthy, hung, sane is very eager to service and be used hard by a dominating, aggressive demanding, physically & mentally controlling

Master(s). Naturally submissive to Stud(s) who knows what he wants and takes it. NE Ohio, W PA. Please SIR Box 7719LF

Me 35, 6-1, 175#, moustache, good looking. You 18-35, nonsmoker, submissive, in shape. BD, CBT TT, wax. Give your body to me for a night or weekend. Be prepared to experience prolonged bondage. All letters with photo will be answered with orders. Box 7236LF

VERSATILE FIGHT FANATIC

Intelligent sadomasochistic professional GWM, 39, 5-10, 175, needs chiseled to average masochist partners. Safe anal, rib, body punching, varied torture games under blindfolded, gagged restraint. Limits. Ultimate scene, ultimate trust, role reversal. Fight experiences, needs. shirtless photo, phone to PO Box 19830 Cincinnati OH 45219. 7536LF

NEWCOMERS TO OHIO

GWMC, 25 and 40, attractive tops, professionals, fun-loving, anti-bar, new to Columbus. Seek singles, couples, groups or clubs for friendship and/or mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, BD, TT, SM photos, videos etc.) Inexperienced OK. Introduction to Ron Zehel a plus. Your photo gets ours. PO Box 862, Dublin OH 43017 6894LF

INTERESTED IN LEATHER?

Kinky, submissive, goodlooking, muscular gay white male, 37, 155, 5-7, blond/green eyes. Exhibitionist into tight SM bondage, dildos, FF enemas. Display me naked in front of your friends. Piss on me, verbally abuse me. Can travel. Send letter and photo (a must) mine. Box 7152LF

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 36, 185, 5-11, beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7 inches cut F/A. GrnP submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy Tops. 24-45 for SM, BD, WS, TT, CBT FF shaving, enemas. Expand my limits while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton, Cincinnati OH Box 5514LF

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prelect seeks US butts for strap paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM, 41, sensitive to novice limitations. PO Box 14056, Cleveland OH 44114 6895LF

OREGON

TRIM SMOOTH 38

needs strict Dad O.L., 1 day + 5 weeks of endurance training, labor sweat workouts, exhibition, humiliation, ass whippings, TT, menthol enemas, cold showers, wool chastity shorts (locked on), butt plugs. Sleep in tight burlap jock, rubber pants, wool blankets. JO only earned. Box 330 Applegate OR 97530 7714LF

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into ongoing leather experiences. No pain or far-out funk, just healthy leather sex. Bondsmen fantasies if young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the bico/leather lifestyle. Box 5620

PENNSYLVANIA

WESTERN PA LEATHER DATE

Looking for serious crotch-to-crotch action. Copious leather Nazi gear. Gearing up, locking ankles, stripping down. Wearing leather. Submissive. Macho rubber Beer/smoke. N2/C5A talk. I'm 40. 5-8, 160. In PA often, booted. Jeff Hewitt, POB 272364 Concord CA 94527 Box 7394LF

BOY NEEDS EXECUTIVE

Boy wants good-looking executive type man to spank and discipline me. Use my mouth and ass for your pleasure after a hard day at the office. Mainline Philadelphia area. Box 7738

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater. seeks Tops, bottoms for regular weekend action & possible evenings

Pluses: shaved & stretched holes, uncut and live. In Philadelphia area. Into armpits, WA, WS, FF. Race not important. Serious minded answered first. Photo helpful. No scat. Relationship possible for the right man. Box 6902LF

BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

looking for demanding Tops to show me the ropes in Philadelphia NJ and NYC. Submissive cocksucker into bondage and balls, willing to expand for a man who knows what he wants. Serious, experienced men call Mike Martin (215) 248-0844 or write PO Box 27422 Philadelphia, PA 19118 7734, F

HUNKY - HORNY BOY

Looking for a meaty-hairy, Italian/Hispanic man to put his macho attitude on the head of his cock and ram it down my throat and up my ass. Use me for your pleasure. Uncut a plus. PO Box 403, Edgemont, PA 19028

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a job offer. Phone number is must. Other Sadistic Leatherman welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 4840LF

STRICT DADDY

Novice looking for hairy, strict Daddy for TT, CBT GS and shave. Horse fuck your new boy. Spank my ass hard. Relocation considered with right Daddy. You 30 or older, no tats or lams. Me 30, 5-11, 210 lbs. White D. Chubb 124-B Emerald St Harrisburg PA 17110. Photophone 7348LF

RHODE ISLAND

MASCHINE MAIDEN

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please. Sir use my hot, masculine, muscular body for your pleasure. Interests: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need Teacher. To be naked, ex-

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SUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

34, 5-10, 177 hairy, bearded, versatile, with good build seeks buddies into trainer. Levis, boots uniforms, fucking, fistfucking, SM, BD, and more. Ich Kann auf Deutsch. Jeg taster norsk. Hablo espanol. Photo to Bindwall. 3318 Lincoln Way, Unit A, Lynnwood, WA 98036

NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

48, 5-11, 210, brown hair thick moustache seeks companion for medical scenes. Into humiliation light SM and enemas are plusses. Prefer photophone, old fashioned hay rolling sex OK too G B. Box 8126, Spokane WA 99203. 7056LF

WEST VIRGINIA

INTERESTED IN PUNISHMENT

Am 30, but look younger. Looking for construction worker, biker, trucker pro wrestler types. Into leather, worn levis, tall boots, jeans, muscles, arms, pits and tattoos. Need limits expanded to getting fucked for the first time by a real macho stud. Any age Novice to scene. Not into torture scenes. Send photo Box 7204LF

BOTTOMS/SLAVES ACCEPTED

for initiation or growth in SM, BD, CBT, TT and spanking/paddling. Other desires inspired by your Drummer reading also explored. Willingness and sincerity more important than experience. Get down and submit that application. Box 4876LF

INTERESTED IN PUNISHMENT

Masculine bondage bottom, 36, WM, 6 ft, 160 lbs into ropes, gloves, leathers, hoods, gags, levis, restrictive bondage seeks sensitive non-smoking leather top for firm, careful scenes. No pain. Straight acting, younger athletic a plus but all answered. Limited travel possible. Possibly switch for right person. Box 7581LF

INTERNATIONAL

INTERESTED IN PUNISHMENT

Muscular, darkhaired, bearded leatherman, early 50s, 5-11, 180, good shape, perfect health (HIV neg) wants to meet similar hairy, kinky men with no overweight for extensive assplay, titwork, optional FF scat and mainly long mutual raunchy rimming sessions at his well-equipped place or when coming to USA. Write with photo (a must) to Boris Rahm Hardst, SB Basile, Switzerland 5048LF

W-25LKS, SMTM, TOP ATHLTIC

141, 6-2, 215, hvy. VGM. 805-566-8978 (PX PHN)

RUBBER LEATHER PISSED SLAVE

English WM masculine 6 ft, 175, 32 needs top into leather, rubber, boots, piss. BD/CP sweat. Stretch my ass with dildos for eventual hitting while I tongue your dirty cock and ass, boots, rubber. You won't be sorry. Sir! Contacts in USA and Europe. Photo please. 25-50. Genuine. International Postage Required. Box 7731LF

WANTED: EUROPEAN COUPLE

This dominant Black man, 31, 182, 5-9, looking for submissive male/female bisexual slave couple visiting Florida to serve me. Must be able to relate to me on a personal basis. You both should be masochists, enjoy spankings, whippings, nipple/breast torture and serving. Photos of you both required. Box 7600LF

INTERESTED IN PUNISHMENT

2 leather/Levi buddies visiting in Sept. Ex-cop, 50, versatile. Hairy, Italian-American, 37 dominant top for easy to heavy SM. Separate or together. No fags/studs. Photo please. Box 91181. Henderson, NV 89014

AUSTRALIA

LEATHER/BONDAGE GUY

Versatile Melbourne leatherman welcomes overseas and interstate visitors, especially with interests in bondage, also other SM activities that are spic. 44yo and very fit, professional guy. Hoping to form Bondage/SM Club here - any ideas from existing groups most welcome. Write B Maher, PO Box 1395, Collingwood, Victoria, Australia. 3066 7525LF

CANADA

WM, good build into jackboots and other highly shined boots. Looking for men who thrive on boots like I do. Leather, uniform a must. BD, TT, CBT. Age, race unimportant attitude, desire are. Box 7712LF

BOY NEEDS MASTERS

Boy, 6-1, 180 lb, 29, needs training by some experienced Leather Top. Interests include TT, CBT, bondage, leather, etc. But will expand limits with the right man. Will answer all photo a plus, will return. Toronto area preferred but some travel possible. Box 697BLF

LEATHER MASTER SEEKS SLAVE BOY

Dominant leathermaster, 47, 5-8, 180, 8' uncut BB seeks slavesons for training to serve and service this demanding top into leather, rubber, uniforms, boots, SM (safe, sane). You: 21-45, have a good body, dedicated to receiving abuse, humiliation to earn affection. Letter with photo will get mine. MASTER GWC, 408-4690 Hazel St, Burnaby BC Canada V5M 1S5

Clear shaved, mustachioed piss trained bottom, 41, 5-8, 180 lbs, good body average equipment, would like to have from mature big muscular brutes pro military or police types a plus, who can advance my training. Can travel for my medicine. Looking for top who knows what is required. Photo and phone preferred. Jerry B. Box 15882 Station F Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2C 3L4

MANBOY

29, 5-11, 135, brown/blue, moustache, 8 inches cut into shaving, leather, underwear, piss, sword tails, ripe crotches, boots, dirt, looking for Daddy or Big Brother to share life experiences and fantasies, head to toe shaving, bondage, short-term slavery. All answered. Box 7300LF

SUBMISSIVE SEEKERS

PERMANENT PARTNER I'm a goodlooking, 38 year old, submissive bottom, 6-10, 176 lbs, professional, financially secure and well established, nonsmoker. Seeking a goodlooking topman to establish a permanent positive loving relationship with. Photo and phone please. I am a catch. PO Box 4788 Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 4A4. 7760LF

ENGLAND

SOCIAL SLAVE

Like heavy scenes, but like to be social too. Visitors get shown around, get used. Bearded 36 bottom likes being roughhanded by Cops, Bikers, and generally rough Tops, one or more, who are into Bondage, SM or other ideas, also like Vanilla Crazy? No. English, 38, and 8 ft tall. UK Police/Leather Master needed for regular scenes! Photos and action details please. Box 6230LF

MASOCHIST DAD

62 excellent physical condition, 5-10, 180, short silver hair, moustache, super fits, masculine, full leather, deep throat expert, TT dildoes and more. Welcomes hot BB/masochist Tops. Visit NY often. Box 7240LF

LONDON LEATHER MASTER

Active 26, 5-11, 175 lb, wants well built leather men preferably with thick moustaches and big cheeks. Into C/B work, FF and lots of leather. Send photo and/or phone number to Box 7599

WEST GERMANY

MASOCHISTS SOUGHT

Non-leather bearded Topman (43, 6-4, 220) looking for submissive masochists/bottoms minimum 35 yrs/bearded. Must be into TT, CBT, anal dilation, catheters, some needles, piss, etc. No dirty Blacks/Latinos welcome. Can host. Photo welcome. Write Box 7418

K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, BD. Top or bottom, can take what dish out. All military, MPs, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers,

pand my limits, train me. Hardworking, good-looking. Box 6342LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

WM 40S WANTS LIVE-IN

Clean, employable, healthy (I'll check!) obsessively oversexed, manly, 3-11-4-4 WM (lat-PF-Let 25-34, muscles, hung ch-h-c-k, built-in lowhanger hairy, dominant, verbal, rough (huggish, exhibitionistic, arrogant) to such worship. Handwrite complete details, your expectations, several nude pix (a must!) Box 7237LF

MASTER BARBER

Wants willing subjects/slaves for haircut/barbershop scenes. Me-Top, bald 36, belly beard. You - clean, full head hair into receiving disciplinary haircuts and body shaving. VA, BD, WS, HIV-neg, you name. Interested in group scenes/rituals/initiation/induction. Contact Box 7417LF

HORNY HUNG TOPS WANTED

WM slave bottom seeks dominant tops in SC area for hot action. I am 25, 5-11, clean and healthy and seek hung and horny topman to service their desires. Make me get down on my knees and obey your orders. Into BD, WS, etc. Hairy men a plus leather uniforms also. Please write to this HOT bottom at K.M. PO Box 6847 Columbia, SC 29260. 6698LF

TENNESSEE

MASTER

Looking for slaves or bottoms who are into getting fucked, CBT, sucking, hot wax, getting shaved heads, fist fucking, dildos and especially long assplay. Novice welcome. Letter, photos, and phone number to Mr. Ron Apple, PO Box 180022 Nashville, TN 37216. 6977LF

TEXAS

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Novice needs training. Submission to black top for humiliation, spanking, WS, SM, VA, leather and ass play. Slave is WM, 32, 5-8, 190, brown/brown Houston area. Box 7709

MOTORCYCLE WORSHIP

WM, 23, 5-5, 140, brown/brown, moustache looking for a WM leather Daddy who rides a motorcycle. Into bootlicking, ass spanking and most of all, I love to get fucked! Box 7672

NOT WANTED

Beaumont area GWM, 36, 5-9, 163, good build, hung, HIV-, into SM, leather, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. I'm mainly top, but will switch for hot dominant studs. Looks unimportant brain, build, and attitude are. Letter with photo and phone to Box 8269LF

TIGHT ASS

GWM, 6', 170, b/w/b hairy, with hot receptive ass. Hunting for a masculine/well hung top for mutual satisfaction. I'm not a submissive but a participant. Smokearoma welcome. Reply to PO Box 35904 Dallas, Tx 75235.

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REVIEW

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REVIEW

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REVIEW

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TC-139-02 HARLEY LIFESTYLE IN FLORIDA

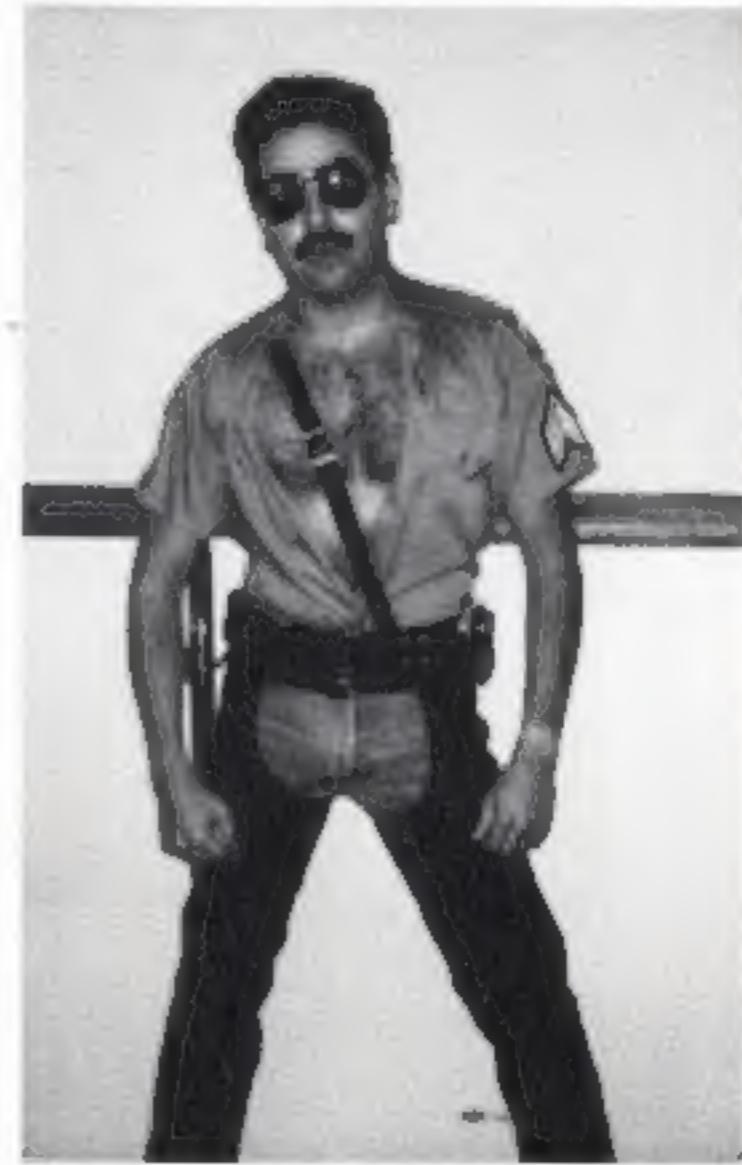
Heavy duty Master/slave looking for other Master or Master/slave into Harley lifestyle. No Sunday riders or rice burners. You must be into the lifestyle: cigars, piss, heavy tattoos, heavy SM, total humiliation, oil, mud, filthy greasy biker leathers, boots, 501s, piercing, you name it. (Note from slave: Happy fifth anniversary, Master, and thank you.)

TC-139-01
PIG-DADDY-BEAR
IN BRONX

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To answer a TC ad, put your correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage, and write, *in pencil*, the TC Number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a buck for handling, and mail to: Tough Customers, P O Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.



TC-139-03 MACHO LEATHER HOMBRE IN NEW JERSEY

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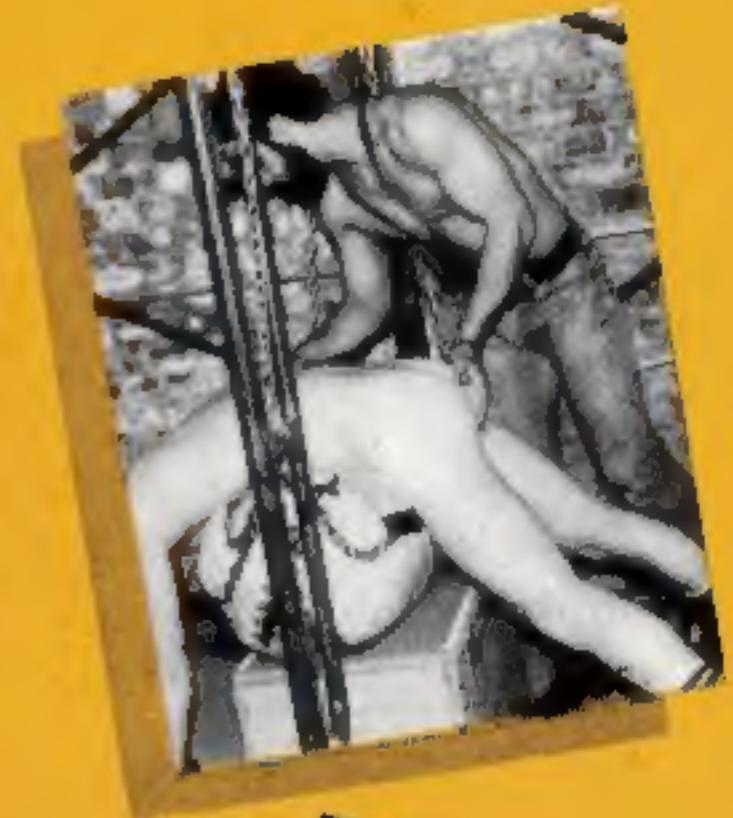
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